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LITERATURE.

CYPRUS.

Cyprum. Von Franz von Löher. (Stuttgart.)

CYPRUS, the island which is at present attracting so much attention, does not, according to von Löher, appear to have been of any great political or military importance in the world except during the war between the Greeks and Persians, and when, under the Lusignans, it was the bulwark of Christendom against the Moslem. Though far inferior in size, Crete, Rhodes, and Lesbos played a more important part in ancient history; Cyprus is celebrated for its wonderful fertility, its wealth in timber and metals, especially copper, and for the wanton profligacy connected with the worship of Venus; it never took the lead in art, literature, learning, jurisprudence, or statesmanship. This may, perhaps, have been due to the soft luxuriance of the climate, and to the effects of the Venus-worship; for the high state of prosperity which Cyprus attained during the Frank occupation shows what may be accomplished by a more energetic race, and is a good omen for the future of the island under British rule.

It is needless to follow the chequered history of Cyprus from the time when, towards the end of the eighth century B.C., it first appears in contemporary history as one of the conquests of Sargon, to the present day. At various periods under the rule of Assyria, Egypt and Persia, then part of the Empire of Alexander the Great, and on his death falling to the share of Ptolemy, it became a Roman province under not very creditable circumstances in 58 B.C. Under the Roman Empire the island was highly cultivated and prosperous; a road connected Salamis and Paphos, and corn, oil, wine, vinegar, timber, metals, liquid amber, mastic, &c., were largely exported; the copper mines were at one time farmed to Herod the Great, and this may have attracted Jewish settlers, who in the reign of Trajan became so numerous as to create disturbances which were only suppressed by a terrible massacre. The prosperity of Cyprus under the Lusignans has already been alluded to, and is attested by the many fine ruins of castles and villages scattered over the country; since it passed under the rule of the Turks the island may be said to have had no history.

Von Löher landed at Larnaca, and passed over the central ridge by Athienou to Nicosia, whence he made an expedition over the great plain to the ruined castle of Buffavento, which occupies a fine position on the northern range of hills. From Nicosia he

travelled westward to Evrikou, and after making the ascent of the Cyprian Olympus, and visiting the monasteries of Troo-ditissa and Chrysoro-giatissa, descended to Baffo. From Baffo he returned to Larnaca, passing through Kuklia, Episcopi, Limasol, and Amathus. Von Löher had thus an opportunity of seeing a very considerable portion of the island, and his travelling notes on its scenery, its people, and its history are of much interest. There is no doubt as to the former fertility of the country, though it is now for the most part lying waste; a vivid description is given of the effect which has been produced by the ruthless manner in which trees have been cut down under the Turkish régime without any attempt to replace them by planting, and of the state of much of the great plain which the scanty population is unable to cultivate. Travelling in the month of April, von Löher saw the island to the best advantage, yet he was struck by the sparseness of the cultivation and the general want of irrigation. The scenery in some districts is described in glowing terms, and the view from the summit of Olympus, embracing as it does almost the whole island, seems to have made a great impression on the traveller. The Greeks resident on the island have recently made great progress in educational matters; there are schools in most of the large villages, and in the three principal towns—Larnaca, Nicosia, and Limasol—higher schools, in which geography, history, &c., are taught and Homer and Xenophon read.

The date of von Löher's journey is nowhere mentioned, but he appears to have travelled through the island in April 1875 or 1876, before the late complications in the East; his book contains much useful information and many interesting remarks on the island and its inhabitants, which are all the more valuable as being those of a recent traveller unbiassed by the events of the last few months.

C. W. WILSON.

Many Moods: a Volume of Verse. By John Addington Symonds. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

If this volume were to appear as the first work of a writer previously unknown, it would probably be welcomed with a chorus of critical eulogy. As it is, Mr. Symonds the maker of verse has to compete with Mr. Symonds the student of Greek literature and historian of the Italian Renaissance, and unless he can leave his former self behind, it will be held that he has failed in a greater or less degree. It will be said that we have here the verse of an accomplished writer, the poetry of culture, refined thought and delicate feeling, but not the outcome of original creative genius. And such a judgment on the volume is not unjust. Mr. Symonds himself "dares not claim" in its highest sense "the sacred name of poet." Still there has been a sufficient reason why these poems should be written, and there is reason why they should be welcomed by those who have gained knowledge, thought, and impulse from the preceding works of their author.

Some prose-writers carry into their prose all that is of highest virtue in their natures.

Others yield to prose whatever is most positive, coherent, and able to confront the actual world; but behind the energetic person who claims his place in the world there sometimes hides a second self, possibly of higher instincts and aptitudes, though less fitted for advancing himself in the paths of success. The prose-writer with such persons is a kind of prosperous younger brother, industrious and able, who amasses knowledge, acquires position, and makes a name among men; his elder brother is the poet, with high traditions of the soul, living upon his little patrimony, secluded, meditative, thinking his own thought, dreaming his own dream, and letting the world go by. This elder brother speaks through Mr. Symonds's *Dedication* with modesty, reserve, and some manly sadness.

"It has always seemed to me that there are some thoughts which a writer who dares not claim the sacred name of poet may express better in rhyme and metre than in prose, and that the verses so produced have a certain value. This is my excuse for the present publication. I have, however, a deeper and more personal motive. Condemned by ill health to long exile, and deprived of the resource of serious study, I wish to gather up the fragments that remain from stronger, and it may be happier, periods of life, in order that some moods of thought and feeling, not elsewhere expressed by me in print, may live within the memory of men like you [the Hon. Roden Noel], as part of me."

It is this elder brother, who has confessed his doubts and hopes in the "Sonnets on the Thought of Death," who has told his passion for an unattainable ideal beauty away and beyond all pictures, statues, and poems; and who, in presence of the sunlit graves in the Mentone burial-ground, entered into that union with the Eternal Will, leaving no place for the pain of the creature's will, which has tried to realise itself to consciousness in such words as these:—

"Ye voices and you tide
Of souls innumerable that panting heave
To rhythmic pulses of God's heart, and hide
Beneath your myriad booming breakers wide
The universal Life invisible,
Give praise! Behold the void that was so still

Breaks into singing, and the desert cries—
Praise, praise to Thee! praise for Thy servant
Death,

The healer and deliverer! from his eyes
Flows life that cannot die; yes, with his breath
The dross of weary earth he winnoweth,
Leaving all pure and perfect things to be
Merged in the soul of Thine immensity."

The volume contains poems purely lyrical, narrative pieces, and poems "of sentiment and reflection." Mr. Symonds's purely lyrical work is not of the highest quality; his verse attains excellence only when it is shaped with sustained deliberate ardour into forms which are large and somewhat elaborate. The narrative poems are excellent with respect alike to incidents, feeling and workmanship, but none of them can be called great. "I Tre Felici" is a beautiful story of Italian love and courtesy told in the octave stanza. In "Palumba"—a tragic tale of human sacrifice in Mexico—the *terza rima*, a favourite form with Mr. Symonds, is used successfully for narrative purposes. Perhaps the most striking of these pieces is "The Lotus Garland of Antinous," which gives in rhymed heroics a version of the death of Hadrian's favourite

which may commend itself as the true one to those who can credit the self-sacrificing devotion of a boy to one who seems to him majestic and worshipful. Passages of this poem have the same splendour of colour and the same voluptuous ease of movement which have contributed to the popularity of Hamerling's remarkable epic *Ahasver in Rom*; but the ethical spirit of Mr. Symonds's poem is remote from that of the Austrian poet of pessimism. "I have tried," Mr. Symonds writes, "to preserve a certain unity of tone by restricting myself mainly to the themes of love, friendship, death, and sleep." Friendship, the perfect devotion of man to man, is conceived very nobly by Mr. Symonds, and supplies the motive of several poems; those who know the token of the love of comrades will find it among the living and growing things here. The two Athenian youths who to stay the plague in their city devote themselves to death are ideal figures which reappear in David and Jonathan, and which to the poet's imagination are typified by those bold mountain-comrades, the Eiger and the Mönch. Friendship and love with heroic fortitude suffice to make life, as conceived by Mr. Symonds, a glory and a joy in spite of all that is dubious, dark, and sorrowful. But what of the end of this our visible existence—what of death? To Mr. Symonds death is a shadow which takes the reflected colours of love and hope if these be present. In a remarkable series of sonnets—twenty-two in number—there is carried on a contention of reasonings, hopes, fears and aspirations on the subjects of death and immortality; and the end is not darkness but a certain sufficiency of light. Let us submit, let us wed resignation, let us endure our ignorance, and in the very endurance hope must assert itself; nay, we shall unite ourselves with the will of God, until our life itself becomes a shadow of the infinite divine life, and death no more than the frail and insubstantial shadow of that shadow:—

"Deep calleth unto deep: the Infinite
Within us to the Infinite without
Cries with an inextinguishable shout,
In spite of all we do to stifle it.
Therefore Death in the coming gloom hath lit
A torch for Love to fly to. Dread and Doubt
Vanish like broken armies in the rout,
When the swords splinter and the hauberk split.
But in the interval of crossing spears
There is a stagnant dark, where all things seem
By frauds encompassed and confused with fears:
Herein we live our common lives and dream;
Yet even here, remembering Love, we may
Look with calm eyes for Death to summon day."

It is when our life runs highest, and when, therefore, we are best able to accept with fortitude even blank nothingness, if it be inevitable, that the arguments for future living present themselves with chief force—emotions that are all vital predicting for themselves an adequate future; mortal life and death appearing equally as incidents in the history of a perfect love or a perfect sorrow.

In closer connexion with Mr. Symonds's prose writings are the "Pictures of Travel." Indeed, some of these poems are only finer, and perhaps chronologically earlier, handlings of themes which are treated in the *Renaissance in Italy* or elsewhere. Thus "The Corpse of Julia," the story of the beautiful buried girl found by Lombard

workmen in 1485, while digging on the Appian Way, will remind readers of a passage in the first chapter of the *Age of the Despots*. In both poem and prose treatment the *mythus* becomes "a parable of the ecstatic devotion which prompted the men of that age to discover a form of unimaginable beauty in the tomb of the classic world." The beautiful stanzas "For One of Gian Bellini's little Angels" were, perhaps, only turned into prose when their author wrote a passage (*The Fine Arts*, p. 364) in his history of the Renaissance on the boy-angels of Carpaccio "playing flutes and mandolines beneath Madonna on the steps of her throne." The "Temptation in the Wilderness" describes with the same energy and vividness that characterise Mr. Symonds's prose recollections of the Museums, the wonderful painting by Tintoretto in the Scuola di San Rocco at Venice, which presents the struggle for victory between a voluptuous Satan and Jesus, the serene martyr God. This notice of *Many Moods* may close with one of the "Pictures of Travel" which can be given in its entirety; it is entitled "Evening at Palermo":—

"Now night descends with darkness: summer swoons
Through the wide temples of the windless sky;
And on the mirrors of the waves, like moons,
The breathing stars dilated languid lie:
How cool to throbbing pulse and heated eye
Are those smooth silver curves that round the bay
Upon their sandy margin rest from play!

How sweet it were on this mysterious night
Of pulsing stars and splendours, from the shore
Knee-deep to wade, and from the ripples bright
To brush the phosphorescent foam-flowers hoar;
Then with broad breast to cleave the watery
floor,
And floating, dreaming, through the sphere to swim
Of silvery skies and silvery billows dim!

What if the waves of dreamless Death, like these,
Should soothe our senses aching with the shine
Of Life's long radiance? O primeval ease,
That wast and art and art to be divine,
Thou shalt receive into the crystalline
Silence of thy sleep-silvered healing sea
These souls o'erburdened with mortality!"

EDWARD DOWDEN.

The History of Rome. By Wilhelm Ihne. English Edition. Vol. III. The Wars for Supremacy in the East. (Longmans.)

In this volume Ihne goes over the same ground as Mommsen does in the latter half of his second volume—viz., from the Second Macedonian War to the Fall of Corinth and of Numantia: the title of "The Wars for Supremacy in the East" well expresses its subject. But while Mommsen on the whole takes the side of Rome, and sums up the benefits which the world obtained by the Roman Wars of Conquest, Ihne speaks a word for the vanquished nations. He lays stress on the unvarying policy of Rome, to keep Greece and the East in a disunited state that so Roman influence might be always supreme—a policy like that long pursued by France towards Italy and Germany—and from this general principle he explains the wars and negotiations in detail. Thus Mommsen thinks that Flaminius belonged to that younger generation of statesmen who had put off the old-fashioned notions and the old-fashioned patriotism of their fathers and had begun to think more

of Hellenism than of their own country. But, says Ihne, it is an error to suppose that he was induced by goodwill for the Greeks to make concessions which were not entirely in harmony with the interests of Rome (see on his real aims, pp. 175, 193, and pp. 76 and 103 on his leaving Nabis as a thorn in the side of Achæans). If he was the friend and liberator of the Greeks, he did but adhere closely to his instructions; for the Senate desired by means of the Greeks to keep the King of Macedonia in check, and thus to use the Greeks for the interests of Rome. This may seem a harsh judgment, but Ihne proceeds to show how Rome used the Greeks against Philip, and Philip against Antiochus, and Numidia against Carthage, in every case sacrificing its allies after the conquest was over, and preparing the way for their subjection in their turn. Even the ancient historians cannot help sometimes noticing the ambiguous policy of Rome. Livy (XXXIV., lxii., 16) says, "Omnia suspensa reliquere;" Polybius (XXXII., ii., 5) says of the disputes between Carthage and Masinissa, which were referred to Roman arbitration, that the Carthaginians had the right on their side, but that Rome decided according to its own interests. So Florus (I., xxxiv., 3) says of the Spanish war, "Non temere, si fateri licet, ullius causa belli injustior." But perhaps another point of view is possible in some of these cases. One party at Rome was opposed to the acquisition of new provinces, in Africa as well as in Macedonia and Greece, partly from honest feeling, partly from seeing the danger to the free working of the Constitution from the exorbitant powers entrusted to, or exercised by, the generals in these great wars. Thus Cato opposed with all his might the establishment of a province in Macedonia and the conquest of Rhodes, and with temporary success; and Scipio Nasica followed the same policy. But nothing shows more plainly the destiny of Rome than the fact that no personal influence, not even that of the most eminent men, had the least power of modifying it. Take a somewhat parallel case. The leading English statesmen have constantly set themselves against the extension of our dominion in India, and yet that dominion has been extended as if by a natural law. Even Ihne himself says that the extension of the Roman dominion over the chief countries round the Mediterranean resembles, more than the formation of any other great State in the Old or New World, a spontaneous and natural growth, determined by fixed laws. The peasantry on the Tiber rose to the position of an imperial race gradually and almost imperceptibly. Their central position, their political system, and organisation, their military discipline, the sacrifice of the individual will to the national, made them a nation of warriors, the rulers of the world; the "government of laws and not of men" (Livy, II., i., 1, "imperia legum potentiora quam hominum") was more fully realised in Rome than in any other ancient State. And it was their law and their discipline that was the real cause of success. The generals were often indifferent, the annually elected consuls often mismanaged matters, as on such a system could not but happen, for you cannot gather

grapes from thistles. But the quickly-moving, well-trained legionaries were an overmatch for the phalanx, and this superiority alone decided the battles of Cyncephalæ and Pydna, both of them battles brought on by accident and won by the superiority of the Roman military system. Similarly the firm organisation of the government made Rome more than a match for the loosely-organised Federations which surrounded her on all sides. Her provincial policy, too, *pacare provincias*, by respecting the religion and the local customs of each district, and allowing municipal self-government, rapidly consolidated her dominion. It is instructive to compare the effect of the reverse policy followed until of late years by the English government in Ireland. After all it was not the Romans who destroyed Greece. A new and better time might have begun for Greece with the Achaean League if the Greeks of the Peloponnese could have made up their minds to sacrifice the spirit of petty local patriotism, the besetting sin of their race, and to submit to a greater and more comprehensive political union. But it was soon apparent that even the experience of long years of trouble was unable to control the animosity of tribe against tribe, of city against city, and that the Greeks had not learnt to set the majesty of a national life above the selfishness of factions and local attachments. Look at the character of the Romans in the eighth chapter of the First Book of Maccabees, as showing the impression made by the Great Republic on the people of the East; and the Roman character remained unchanged for centuries. The character of a nation is almost as durable and unalterable as the climate and the nature of the country which a nation inhabits, and the Roman element leavened the entire population of Italy. The steady Romans despised the Greeks even when giving them a temporary freedom. Wordsworth's sonnet expresses the hopelessness of the situation:—

"So ye prop,
Sons of the brave who fought at Marathon,
Your feeble spirits! Greece her head hath bowed,
As if the wreath of liberty thereon
Would fix itself as smoothly as a cloud
Which at Jove's will descends on Pelion's top."

And again—

"Ah that a conqueror's words should be so dear,
Ah that a boon could shed such rapturous joys!
A gift of that which is not to be given
By all the blended powers of earth and heaven."

But the statesmen who opposed the extension of the Roman Empire were right, for the generals of Rome and the Roman aristocracy were hopelessly corrupted by it. Aemilius Paullus, the victor at Pydna, was "one of the few Romans of that age to whom one could not offer money," and it was soon found that "*omnia Romæ venalia*." Iñe takes care to notice the growth of this corruption, and the impossibility of preventing the approaching revolution. The vanquished nations were avenged by the blood and horrors which awaited Rome in the last two generations of the republic. In some respects the Monarchy may be defined as the reaction of the provinces against the capital. The extension of the Roman power was in itself one of the causes which brought about the internal change in the Constitu-

tion. The inequality between Roman citizens and allies was at the bottom of the disturbances of the period of the Gracchi; the inequality between Romans and provincials was the cause which changed the republic into a monarchy. But these things were yet in the future. In his fourth volume, which we trust will not be long delayed in its English form, Iñe endeavours to trace the phases of development through which the people and the State passed after they had established their dominion over Italy. To understand the greatness of Rome we must study its inner life, and the moral and intellectual forces by which it was moved.

C. W. BOASE.

Records of the English Province of the Society of Jesus. By Henry Foley, S.J. Three Volumes. (Burns & Oates.)

THREE thick volumes, containing more than 2,000 pages of closely-printed matter are before us, and we cannot but feel thankful to those gentlemen who have drawn in recent years from Roman Catholic sources so much that has been hitherto concealed. As a general rule publicity does good. Formerly the darkest spots in many a pedigree were the younger children, who were simply mentioned as "religious" or "priests" or "nuns" abroad. Now perhaps we know more of some of these than we do of their elder brethren who stayed in comparative wealth and prosperity at home. Father Foley has taken great pains with these volumes, and has brought together an immense mass of information. With some of it we were familiar before, but the subject is one of such novelty to the general reader that we can scarcely blame the author, as some have done, for not endeavouring to prune the exuberance of his materials. The volumes, of course, have their defects. They are not always well arranged, and they are too diffuse. But the most serious blemish is the numerous errors in the proper names, which Father Foley in these days of Guides and Onomastica ought certainly to have avoided.

The Order of Jesus only dates from the middle of the sixteenth century. Ignatius himself lived to see his Society in a state of thorough organisation, which has been kept up since more fully perhaps than in any other religious community. He was in London just before the Reformation took place, and his heart must have been pierced and torn when he heard of what afterwards occurred. Henceforward it became a point of honour with the Roman Catholics abroad to save as much as they could from the wreck. Priest after priest was trained up abroad in such seminaries as Douay, St. Omer, and the English College at Rome, and then sent to England to strengthen the faith of the wavering, or to reconcile those who had been induced to conform to the Established religion. They knew what their fate would be if they were caught—the rack, the hurdle, the gallows, and the knife. But they were not afraid of suffering, and with the true spirit of enthusiasm they gloried in the prospect of death. The portraits of some of them have been preserved, all representing them with the

rope around the neck, and the fatal knife in the breast. The writer was for a long time the owner of one of these pictures, showing a younger son of an old Yorkshire family who died for his faith at Norwich. The corners contained some pertinent texts of Scripture, such as *Spectaculum facti sumus*; *Funes mihi ceciderunt in praeclaris*; and ending with the ardent aspiration of the Psalmist, *Pone eos ut rotam*. At the back of the picture was a curiously sliding panel, giving an account of the services of the missionary to his Society and Church.

The Jesuits, of course, played a very conspicuous part in these efforts to reconcile England. In the course of the seventeenth century they had divided the country into eight societies—or colleges, as they were called—and of the history of each of these Father Foley gives us a lengthy and interesting account. London was the college of St. Ignatius; Yorkshire that of St. Michael; Durham and Northumberland that of St. John the Evangelist, or, as it was jocosely called, Mrs. Durham. Under each college Father Foley has arranged the biographies of the priests who laboured there, illustrated with much subsidiary information respecting the Roman Catholics of the district. Much of this is entirely new. It was the custom for the English youths when they entered at the foreign seminaries to give a minute account of themselves and their connexions, which was duly and wisely recorded. Father Foley has drawn largely from these family narratives which he found among the archives of the English College at Rome. The information which he thus gives is as novel as it is welcome.

The adventures of some of the missionary priests were of a marvellous kind. No romance, for instance, can surpass in incident and interest the autobiography of Father Gerard. They had to contend with numberless perils. Spies were among them in England and abroad, who often made the ruling powers perfectly acquainted with their movements. The Government frequently knew beforehand at what time and port a party of priests was to land. It was necessary, therefore, that they should be adepts in every species of subterfuge and disguise. Parsons came to England in 1580 as a captain returning from Flanders, with a dress of buff, laid with gold lace, and hat and feather to match. "Such a peacock! such a swaggerer!" his companion called him. These priests made themselves soldiers, sportsmen, farmers; they were skilled in hunting and hawking, and tables and cards. They had an answer ready for every possible question. But there was always the peril of the foreign accent and air, and the mere fact of their being obliged to put many questions was a just ground of suspicion. It was always difficult for a stranger to pass from one place to another without setting people on the watch. When he reached the old manor-house of a Roman Catholic gentleman, there was always a shelter, and a priest's hole to which at the slightest alarm the wanderer could rush with his vestments and books. On the whole the number of priests who were caught and executed was a small proportion

of those who visited England. In 1623 John Gee, in his *Foot Out of the Snare*, gives a list of the priests then resident in London, which is an exceedingly large one, many of whom seem to have been but little interfered with, and many of whom were persons of high position in their respective societies. The presence of so large a number of priests in London implies a large body of converts.

It is very difficult to be certain of the identity of some of the priests, owing to the number of names that they made use of. Changes of name were as frequent as changes of costume. In many instances the selection of a new name was the wish to be unknown for the future even to their nearest of kin, to show how thoroughly their old world was dead to them now. In other cases the change was made simply to escape detection. We observe that the only son of John Cosin, afterwards Bishop of Durham, in the report which he gave at Rome, styles himself Charles Cosens. His father, in his last will, made in 1671, leaves "to Mr. John Cosin, my lost sonne, one hundred pounds—because he hath dealt very undutifully with mee his indulgent father, and twice forsaken his mother the Church of England, and the Protestant, being the true Catholicke religion there professed, to my great grieve and trouble, having not come to mee for better advice, but wholly avoided mee dureing these foure last yeares together."

In a work so diffuse as that of Father Foley it would not be difficult to pick out subjects either for correction or further illustration. The author, we are sure, would look upon such corrections and additions with gratification. But the readers of the ACADEMY must examine Father Foley's work for themselves, and we can assure them beforehand that, if they find some things to amend, they will see very much more which is altogether new to them. J. RAINE.

The Life and Works of Count Rumford.
Edited by George E. Ellis. (Macmillan.)

ALTHOUGH the Life of Count Rumford has been more than once written, and although his more important works are well known, we are glad to welcome this very complete edition. It has been published by the American Academy of Arts and Sciences in Boston as one other memorial of the man who specially connected himself both with the Academy and the city. Rumford shone in so many capacities that the account of his life and works must always possess a special interest for each new generation of men; and as one of the first of eminent Americans his deeds will be specially cherished on the other side of the Atlantic. His versatility was great: he was an accomplished soldier, a statesman, philanthropist, and political economist, and an ardent natural philosopher. He possessed in an eminent degree an orderly mind, and all his work is characterised by precision. His last work, "On the Nature and Effects of Order," on which he had been engaged for more than twenty years, but which was unfinished at his death, would probably have constituted his most valuable literary gift to the world.

In compiling the life of the Count Mr.

Ellis has been obliged to wade through an immense mass of correspondence. He has done his work conscientiously—in some respects, we venture to think, almost too conscientiously. The frequent introduction of prolix business-letters from the Count, or his agent in America, Colonel Loammi Baldwin, or from the Countess Sarah Rumford, becomes excessively tedious, and has led to the extension of the biography to a bulky volume of nearly 700 pages, while we are sure that everything of any real interest to the reader could have been easily compressed into half that space. No doubt, however, the author conceived that it would be well to have one really exhaustive Life of the Count, even at the risk of presenting a verbose and tedious narrative.

In the middle of the last century America produced two men who had many points of resemblance—they were born within twelve miles of each other in Massachusetts, of humble parents, subjects of King George III., and descended from English progenitors. They both spent much time away from their native land, occupied in works which concerned the common good of humanity; they were the architects of their own fortunes, and they attained a world-wide reputation. The one was Benjamin Thompson, afterwards Count Rumford; the other was Benjamin Franklin. It is strange that these men, with their numerous affinities, never became acquainted, and never appear to have recognised each other's existence. They were born at a momentous period in the history of their country, and they lived to see the most profound political changes, not only in it, but throughout Europe.

Benjamin Thompson was born in 1753, at North Woburn, in New Hampshire, of parents who on both sides were directly descended from the original colonists of Massachusetts Bay. His father died in the following year, and his mother married again in 1756. Rumford once told his friend and biographer, Pictet, that if he had not lost his father thus early in life he should in all probability have lived and died an American husbandman. As he grew up he was forced to seek the companionship of those who did not belong to his own family, and a minister named Bernard took the boy in hand, and, finding him intelligent and industrious, taught him algebra, geometry, and astronomy. Thompson made such progress in these studies that before the age of fourteen he calculated the elements of a solar eclipse, and to his intense delight found that the calculation was correct within four seconds. A little later he attended lectures at Harvard College, and he showed a particular taste for mathematics and natural philosophy. In 1766 he was apprenticed to a Mr. John Appleton, of Salem, a merchant who dealt principally in British goods, and who had a large business. Here he remained three years, during which time he employed most of his leisure in devising mechanical appliances and in making experiments. In 1769 he was sent to Boston, and apprenticed to a dry-goods dealer, and he shortly afterwards began the study of anatomy with Dr. Hay. For a few weeks he taught in a school. At this time his friend Baldwin describes him as a fine manly

fellow, nearly six feet in height, with handsome features, blue eyes, and auburn hair. To these attractions were added a singular fascination of manner, and the polish of a true gentleman. Consequently he readily made his way in society. He married in 1773, at the age of nineteen, the wealthy widow of a Colonel Rolfe, and their only child Sarah, afterwards Countess of Rumford, was born in 1774. Young Thompson soon afterwards made the acquaintance of Governor Wentworth, who, recognising his very marked abilities, made him major of the Second Provincial Regiment of New Hampshire. As he was thus put over the head of many older men than himself, most of whom had long waited for promotion, he made himself thus early in life many enemies. Shortly afterwards a revolutionary spirit began to appear in America, and the war which afterwards led to the Declaration of Independence was commenced. Thompson remained a firm Royalist; he was accused of Toryism, and want of patriotism, and of "being unfriendly to the cause of Liberty," and he was obliged to take flight from Concord. He took refuge first in Woburn, where he was arrested and confined, and having been examined by a committee appointed for the purpose was liberated. After his liberation he took ship for England (October, 1775), being then in his twenty-second year. He never saw his wife again.

In England he was well received, and was admitted at once to a desk in the Colonial Office and to the intimacy of the Colonial Minister, Lord George Germaine. Soon afterwards he became secretary of the Province of Georgia. It is difficult to understand why a youth of twenty-three was thus rapidly advanced in the Government offices of a country to which he did not directly belong, but there can be no doubt that he made himself very useful to the Colonial Office by imparting exact information concerning the American Colonies at a very critical period in their history. He also occupied himself with military details; he made important experiments on gunpowder, and on ordnance and projectiles, and he advised and procured the adoption of bayonets for the muskets of the Horse Guards to be used in fighting on foot.

In 1779 he was made a Fellow of the Royal Society, and was described in his certificate as "a gentleman well versed in natural knowledge, and many branches of polite learning." He contributed many papers to the Society later in life. In the following year Thompson became Under-Secretary of State for the Northern Department, and thus succeeded to a large amount of responsibility in connexion with recruiting, equipping, and victualling the forces.

At the age of twenty-eight, he was made Lieutenant-Colonel in the British army, and was sent out to America to command a regiment of cavalry which he had raised for the King's service. He commanded with great success, and proved himself to be an accomplished soldier. On his return to England in 1783, he was promoted to a colonelcy, and half-pay was secured to him for the rest of his life. In the autumn of the same year he received permission to

travel on the Continent. He visited Munich, and was requested to enter the service of the Elector of Bavaria. In 1784 he returned to England to obtain permission from the King, who not only freely gave it, but conferred upon him the honour of knighthood. The Elector of Bavaria, speedily utilised Thompson's remarkable talents; he was appointed a colonel of cavalry, and aide-de-camp, and was in constant attendance on the Elector. The State of Bavaria at this time offered an admirable field for the energies of a man like Thompson, and the Elector soon found out that he had a man after his own heart. Honours were heaped upon Thompson; he was made a Privy Councillor and Major-General of Cavalry in 1788, and in 1791 a Count of the Holy Roman Empire, choosing for his title the name of the New England village so early associated with his fortunes. Rumford began his reforms by improving the condition of the Bavarian troops, as to food, pay, accoutrements, arms, and occupation. He caused them to be employed as labourers in all public works, when not actually fighting; and a large proportion of the army, instead of remaining in idleness, was allowed to be absent for ten months in the year. The soldiers thus mingled with the peasants, and helped to cultivate the ground, to take part in manufactures, and to earn their own living apart from the direct revenues of the State. Rumford also built arsenals, barracks, and foundries for cannon, and it was in the new foundry at Munich that he made many of his celebrated experiments on heat. In spite of his numerous duties in connexion with the State, he engaged at this time in various experimental investigations chiefly relating to heat and light, which were always his favourite scientific subjects.

As the promoter of various schemes of charity, and of methods of ameliorating the condition of the poor, Rumford deserves special notice. His first economical essay gave an account of an establishment for the poor at Munich. The city was at that time infested by troops of beggars, many of whom were able-bodied men and women who begged because they preferred idleness to work. Rumford collected them together, provided them with cleanly habitations, good food, and congenial work, and the success of his scheme was amply proved by the contentment of the beggars, the improved condition of the morality of the city, and the direct pecuniary gain to the State. A large deserted manufactory was converted into a poor-house; it was fitted up with separate halls for the prosecution of various trades, and the inmates were supplied with the raw material, with good tools, and with instruction when the latter was necessary. All the clothing which was required by the Bavarian troops was made in this establishment, and in one year the Electorate realised a profit of ten thousand florins. The house was fitted up with special appliances for warming and cooking devised by Rumford, who was perpetually and successfully engaged in attempts to economise fuel and heat. To such perfection did he bring some of his appliances that we are assured his stoves cooked a dinner for a thousand poor persons at a cost of fourpence halfpenny for fuel!

The Count acquired great popularity in Munich in consequence of his reforms. He appears to have been extremely beloved by the poor of the city, and we are told that on one occasion when he was ill thousands of the poor went publicly in procession to the cathedral to offer prayers for his recovery.

Rumford advocated many other reforms in Bavaria. Among the principal we may mention the formation of a military academy somewhat similar to the School of St. Cyr; the improvement of the breed of horses, and of horned cattle; the active employment of all mendicants throughout the country; the advance of loans at small interest to poor people; and the conversion of a large tract of barren land around Munich into a park for the people, full of groves, water-courses, and pavilions, which still flourishes in Munich under the name of the "English Garden." A pleasant account of the Count's life in Munich is given in the letters of his daughter, the Countess Sarah, who spent much time with her father during his residence in the city.

In September, 1795, Rumford went to London, where he soon collected around him a large body of scientific men, with whom he had much in common. He occupied himself with various social schemes, and communicated several papers to the Royal Society. He also about this time established the "Rumford Medal" of the Royal Society, to be given for the best series of experiments relating to light and heat which should be made during the year. A fund of money for the same purpose was also bequeathed to the American Academy.

Soon afterwards he returned to Munich, which was threatened both by the Austrian and French troops, and he once again appears as a soldier. The Elector left the city in Rumford's hands; he was placed at the head of the army, and made a member of the Council of Regency. He permitted neither the Austrian nor the French army to enter Munich, and thus gained the lasting gratitude of the Elector and the inhabitants. Fresh honours and a pension were given to him. He was appointed Ambassador to England, but as he held a commission in the British army he could not be received as Ambassador from a foreign Power. This he discovered on his return to England, and was deeply mortified at his rejection.

Rumford, having been baulked of his diplomatic occupation, turned his active mind in another direction, and after much thought and discussion he brought before the leading scientific men of London his scheme for the establishment of the Royal Institution. His proposition was eagerly embraced, a number of subscribers came forward at once, and the Institution was established and soon became excessively popular. Dr. Garnett was the first professor, Dr. Young and Humphry Davy were also appointed during Rumford's life-time. Unfortunately, Rumford soon after quarrelled with his co-managers, and he went to Paris and ceased to take any further interest in the Institution. He intended the Institution to be a place for the general diffusion of scientific knowledge, and a repository for models of inventions tending to promote the welfare of mankind.

The last years of Rumford's life were passed in Paris. He married the widow of Lavoisier, but an amicable separation soon afterwards took place, as the temperaments of husband and wife were found to be so dissimilar that life became miserable for both of them. Rumford appears at this time to have been self-opinionated, incapable of brooking contradiction, and dictatorial. His later letters show great bitterness of spirit, and, as regards his mention of M^{me}. Lavoisier de Rumford, very questionable taste. He spent the last years of his life in complete seclusion at Auteuil, where he died in 1814.

The many-sidedness of Rumford's character affords an interesting study both to the biographer and the man of science. His industry was unwearied; his mode of thought accurate, trenchant, and precise; had he devoted himself to military matters alone his memory would live. But it is chiefly as the political economist and the man of science that he will be remembered. His charitable schemes deserve a wider application than they have ever received; many of them might be put in force with advantage in our own country at this moment. His investigations into the nature of heat are classical, and form the basis of the Dynamic Theory of Heat, and of the great principle of the Conservation of Energy. Finally, his applications of scientific knowledge in the direction of the economy of those important agents, Light and Heat, merit the warmest recognition.

G. F. RODWELL.

Walks in London. By Augustus J. C. Hare. In Two Volumes. (Daldy, Isbister & Co.)

THESE delightful volumes appear to have been written in the highway rather than in the study, and they owe their chief charm to the consequent freshness that pervades them. While there is little that one well read in London books will find new to him, the materials are arranged with such artistic skill that they gain a new signification. Mr. Hare has not had his originality crushed out of him by the weight of his authorities, and the reader feels a natural confidence in an author who describes places after actual inspection. At the same time too much faith must not be placed in his details, for he has not always consulted the most trustworthy writers. Thus a reference to Peter Cunningham's *Handbook* (which, by the way, is not mentioned) would have shown that Davies Street, Berkeley Square, could hardly have been named after Miss Mary Davies, who was not "the humble heiress of the farm now occupied by Grosvenor Square and its surroundings," but the proprietor of Ebury farm, Pimlico. It seems more probable that the street takes its name from Sir Thomas Davies, Lord Mayor in 1677, to whom Audley (the rich man commemorated in North and South Audley Streets) left the greater portion of his property in this district.

Mr. Hare is a true lover of the nooks and corners of old London, and praises them in unmeasured terms:—"If the capitals of Europe are considered, London is one of the most picturesque—far more so than

Paris or Vienna; incomparably more so than St. Petersburg, Berlin, Dresden, Munich, Brussels or Madrid." Again:—"An artist, after a time, will find London more interesting than any other place, for nowhere are there such atmospheric effects on fine days, and nowhere is the enormous power of blue felt in the picture." He can even find a good word for one of our greatest evils:—"If the fogs are not too thick, an artist will find an additional charm in them, and will remember with pleasure the beautiful effects upon the river, when only the grand features remain and the ignominious details are blotted out." But he sees little to commend in the more modern portions of the town. All readers will agree with him when he speaks of the hideous monotony of Wimpole Street; but we need not wonder at the ugliness of a place which has usurped the name once given to Savile Row as the abode of the doctors—viz. the Valley of the Shadow of Death. One is glad to see the denunciation of the "meaningless tea-urns beloved by unimaginative architects" which surmount so many of our buildings; but is not the author rash when he describes the Marble Arch as "one of our national follies—a despicable caricature of the Arch of Constantine"? It is surely a beautiful object, although not what George IV. wished it to be. He intended it as a monument to Nelson, and Flaxman was employed to design the statues and bas-reliefs. A seated figure of Britannia with spear and shield bearing the head of Nelson was to be placed at the top of the arch. When the king died this scheme was abandoned, and the marble statues were given away to save the expense of cutting stone figures. Britannia was turned into Minerva by chipping Nelson's head off her shield, and then set up at the east end of the National Gallery building opposite St. Martin's Church.

Some years ago the name of the famous Grub Street was changed to Milton Street in honour of one of our greatest worthies who long lived close by it. Mr. Hare writes—"Oddly enough, in this neighbourhood full of memories of him the modern name of the street is not derived from the poet but from Milton a builder." So said Elmes; but in *Notes and Queries* (Second Series, vol. ix.) it is asserted upon the authority of a gentleman who was present at the meeting when the nomenclature was discussed that it was named after the great poet. This is a rash statement respecting an earlier poet:—"While the Savoy was the London residence of John of Gaunt the poet Chaucer was married here to Philippa de Ruet, a lady in the household of Blanche Duchess of Lancaster, and sister of Catherine Swyneford, who became the Duke's second wife." We have no proof that Chaucer did marry this lady.

One of the rules of the celebrated "Sublime Society of Beefsteaks" was the infliction of a fine when anyone called it a club. Mr. Hare would have had to pay the fine (i., 21), and it seems that he is prone to fall into error respecting names. Thus it is rather startling to read that Bishop Compton crowned William and Mary, "Archbishop Secker refusing to do so,"

as in another place we are told that Secker was archbishop from 1758 to 1768. Sancroft was probably intended. A worse slip, however, is contained in the statement that the mythical Guy Earl of Warwick was the same person as the historical king-maker (i., 160). We are told of Clarendon House, Piccadilly, which looked down upon St. James's Street, that "he [Lord Chancellor Clarendon] sold the property in 1657 to Christopher Monk, second Duke of Albemarle, who pulled down the house." This is probably a misprint for 1675, but when it is corrected there still remains the blunder of making the chancellor the seller instead of his son. St. Pancras Church is not the work of Soane (ii., 143) but of Inwood; and Dr. Williams's Library, founded in Redcross Street, is not "now at Somerset House" (i., 272), but in Grafton Street, Tottenham Court Road. Why, too, is the late Mr. Pettigrew, surgeon and antiquary, called *Lord* Pettigrew (ii., 316)?

It may appear to some that the above fault-finding is not compatible with the praise given at the beginning of this notice, but the fact is that the book is so good in itself that it deserves to be made better by a thorough revision. The blunders are on the surface, not structural.

In accordance with Dr. Johnson's dictum that the full tide of existence is at Charing Cross, Mr. Hare commences his walks at that place, and travels eastward to St. Paul's, then on to the heart of the City, which he finds by the Royal Exchange; from the Tower he passes over the river to Southwark and Bermondsey, where ends the first volume. The second volume commences with a full account of the National Gallery, and ends with a notice of Fulham; many miles being traversed between the two limits. With so small a space at the author's disposal much of the history of the big city must necessarily be passed over, but Mr. Hare has a keen eye for salient points, and he has managed to give a true and vivid picture of the place that Milton apostrophises as—

"Too blest abode! no loveliness we see
In all the earth but it abounds in thee."

The appearance of the book is all that can be desired, and the pretty little engravings are mostly taken from the author's drawings on the spot. Their only fault is that they are too light and airy to represent truthfully the atmosphere of grimy London.

HENRY B. WHEATLEY.

L'Egypte à Petites Journées. Par Arthur Rhoné. (Paris: Ernest Leroux.)

This book, albeit numbering some 430 pages, imperial octavo, is but an *avant courier*. It treats of Alexandria, Cairo, and the Nile as far as Sakkarah. A second volume, describing the author's experiences on the Suez Canal with M. de Lesseps, and a third, treating of his journey in Upper Egypt with Mariette Bey, are yet to come. If as carefully studied as the present instalment, they will be welcome. For M. Rhoné is not only a painstaking reader, but a close observer. Fascinated, like many another traveller, by the wonderful past of the most wonderful

country in the world, he is not for that reason indifferent to its merely picturesque aspects, or to the social status of its present inhabitants. We could, indeed, have spared certain descriptions of dancing dervishes, Mecca pilgrims, bazaars, cafés, and so forth; all of which are by this time only too familiar to readers of Oriental travel-talk. Still it is pleasant to meet with an intelligent writer on Egypt, whose tastes are neither exclusively modern nor exclusively archaeological. Such writers, and above all such travellers, are few and far between; for Egyptologists, as a rule, pursue their studies at home, while the generality of travellers know little or nothing of the history and meaning of the monuments they describe. Mr. F. Eden, for instance, goes up the Nile without even affecting to be interested in anything but the fellaheen, the climate, and the shooting; while such luminaries of science as Dr. Birch and M. Chabas are content to resuscitate the past from reproductions of hieroglyphed inscriptions, without ever beholding the marvels of Karnak or Aboo Simbel.

Passing over M. Rhoné's account of Alexandria, Cairo, Heliopolis, &c., I turn with pleasure to his chapters on the Boolak collection and the Serapeum, and to his excellent Historical Appendix. These are the really valuable and noteworthy parts of the book. To say that the first is largely quoted from Mariette Bey's renowned catalogue; that the second is in like manner almost wholly derived from the same author's *Choix de Monuments du Serapeum*; and that the Appendix is a work of laborious compilation, is in no wise to underrate the merit of M. Rhoné's work. To describe exactly the things they have seen, to sift and collate the contents of costly and recondite works, and finally to put the results of their observation and their reading into a popular form for the benefit of the unlearned, is as much as most modern writers on Egyptian subjects need expect to accomplish. Originality, in fact, is no longer possible, unless for the excavator or the philologist.

In treating of the Boolak collection, M. Rhoné, instead of dealing with the objects under their classification, divides them according to historic periods, and so makes Egyptian art tell its own story of development, decadence, renaissance, and fall. Of the magnificent diorite statue of Shafra found by Mariette Bey at the bottom of a dry well in the so-called Temple of the Sphinx, and of the celebrated wooden figure of Ra-em-ka, M. Rhoné writes well and soberly, though apparently without having consulted M. Émile Soudi's recent treatise, which accounts on technical grounds for the rigid mannerism of Egyptian statuary. Alluding to the respect with which the Hyksos invaders left intact the cartouches of their predecessors, and the ruthless system of erasure and surcharge pursued by subsequent Pharaohs, M. Rhoné ingeniously remarks that a monarch of the nineteenth dynasty would scarcely have appropriated and re-inscribed the statue of a king of the Ancient Empire if the Egyptian notions about portraiture had been coincident with our own.

"The evidence," he says, "would seem to show

that a statue was, in point of fact, a hieroglyph, a symbol, rather than a portrait or a work of art. From the moment that the name of the reigning monarch was engraved upon any statue bearing the insignia of royalty, that statue lost none of its symbolical value in the eyes of priests and worshippers. In old Rome, where the emperors constantly usurped the statues of their predecessors, the head of the living monarch was at least substituted for that of the deceased; but in Egypt, whatever the beauty of certain works, the artist never got beyond that early stage when art is still imagery. Every work of Egyptian art, in short, from the most minute to the most colossal, would seem to partake of the hieroglyphic character, and to be primarily a conventional sign forming part of an immense, unchanged, and unchangeable alphabet."

Touching the Boolak arms, jewels, and amulets, M. Rhoné offers some suggestive observations; tracing, for instance, the symbolism of the hatchet to pre-historic sources, and drawing attention to the curious fact that some of the finest dolmens in Brittany are sculptured with representations of this weapon, exactly resembling in form the hatchet of the hieroglyphs, and the consecrated, or funereal, hatchet found with the mummy of Queen Aah-hotep. It would, however, be premature to conclude that any such rude carvings of primitive flint implements, whatever their monumental or religious meaning, were identical in sense with the Egyptian determinative *neter*, or *netar*, "a hatchet," signifying divinity. If more space had been given to the interesting funereal amulets in which Boolak is exceptionally rich, it would have added much to the value of this chapter.

To have visited the Serapeum under the guidance of Mariette Bey was a piece of such rare good fortune that M. Rhoné may well have devoted a large section of his book to this excursion; and if he tells us little that is actually new, he at all events reproduces in a handy form the information hitherto locked up in Mariette Bey's more scientific folio. The Serapeum, it will be remembered, is the long-lost and long-sought sepulchral temple of Apis, in which the sacred bulls of Memphis were entombed, and which Strabo describes as situate in a spot so exposed to the wind that the great avenue of Sphinxes leading to the main entrance was, even in his time, half-buried in sand. To have discovered this temple with its dromos, its hemicycle of Greek statues, its subsidiary chapels, its subterranean halls, corridors, and vaults, its twenty-four colossal sarcophagi, and its five hundred votive stelae, is the crowning achievement of Mariette Bey's work in Egypt. Seven thousand objects, consisting chiefly of inscribed tablets and funereal statuettes, were found *in situ*, including the splendid jewels (now in the Louvre) of Prince Ka-em-uas, Governor of Memphis and fourth son of Rameses the Great. A massive golden mask, closely resembling the golden masks disinterred of late at Mycenae, was also found upon the face of a mummy supposed to be the mummy of this royal functionary.

M. Rhoné's account of these remarkable discoveries is not only carefully studied from the works of Mariette Bey, but contains much interesting detail derived at first hand from the hero of the narrative. The way in

which that detail has been conveyed is not, however, very happy. Mariette Bey is made to talk, not like a book, but like a catalogue; so giving an air of unreality to pages which would have afforded delightful reading if differently treated. The *Sandford and Merton* framework imported into a volume of this kind is curiously out of place; and that the Khedive's learned Conservator of Antiquities—himself a master of style—should figure as the omniscient parson of the popular story-book, is simply intolerable.

Of the Historical Appendix at the end of the book, its minute and laborious accuracy, and the large amount of condensed information contained in it, one can hardly speak too highly. Students and travellers will find it invaluable. Nor must I omit to mention the neat little archaeological map at p. 309, which assigns to each nome and city its Egyptian, Greek, and Arabic nomenclature. If engraved on a scale large enough to add the Egyptian names in the hieroglyphic character, it would be still more useful. Small as it is, however, since it includes Nubia as far as the Second Cataract, such well-ascertained names as those of Beheni (the ancient city at Wady Halfeh), Abshek (Aboo Simbel), Ma-m (Ibrim), and Pselk (Dakkeh), should not have been omitted. AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

NEW NOVELS.

Artist and Amateur: or, the Surface of Life. By Mrs. Caddy. (Chapman & Hall.)

A Beautiful Woman: a Romance. By Leon Brook. (Chapman & Hall.)

Dolly, a Love Story. By Frances Hodgson Burnett, Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," &c. (Routledge.)

Ponce de Leon: or, the Rise of the Argentine Republic. A Novel. By An Estanciero. (Chapman & Hall.)

A Modern Minister. Volume II. (Parts vii.-xiii.) (Blackwood.)

A Sequel to the History of Sir Charles Grandison. (Printed for Private Circulation.) (Wm. Clowes & Sons.)

MRS. CADDY'S novel, albeit claiming by its title the character of an art-story much more definitely than Miss Alldridge's *Love and Law*, recently noticed in these columns, does not by any means fulfil the conditions of one so completely. She does, indeed, give us a pair of heroines, both of them art-students, of whom the more gifted and imaginative remains an amateur all her life, partly from lack of systematic training and study, and partly from dreaminess and impracticality in the conduct of life, while the other, fortunate enough to have obtained good teaching from childhood, achieves a considerable measure of success, due rather to good sense, clear observation, and conscientious labour, than to exceptional endowments. These two characters, thrown together in close intimacy, are contrasted with some skill, and are not the only ones in the book which have merit; but the author has not yet learnt how to construct a story, and has overloaded both the action and the dialogue with episodes and digressions. The result is total lack of unity and group-
ing, since mere details are constantly given

prominence which is lacking when we come to the main incidents of the plot. For example, there are more space and pains bestowed on some private theatricals in one part of the story, and on the celebration of a birthday in an artist's family in another, than on the really central action, if such there be, of the narrative. And these two episodes have no real influence on the current of events, such as the leading precedents in *Mansfield Park* and *Vanity Fair* exhibit, so that there is much lack of scale and composition. Again, though there is a good deal of clever description intercalated, and much trouble has been taken with the dialogue, the former is too obviously laboured and to order, while the latter, meritorious in its degree, and sometimes rising almost to aphorism, is too bookish, and not always discriminated carefully according to the character who is speaking, though two of the minor personages, Fred Potts and Blandinah (*sic*) Bird, hostess of an inn at Geneva, have been more individualised in their talk. But the criticism passed by Fred Potts on his successful rival, who marries the amateur heroine, is only too true, for he is "a sententious bloke," and nothing more. There is plenty of good material in this book, and cut down into one volume it would have probably been a success. As it is, the amateur is far more evident than the artist.

A Beautiful Woman is a revival, and not a too happy one, of the Minerva Press type of literature. The writer does, indeed, implicitly bespeak indulgence by styling it a romance, and may fairly plead that we are a little overdone with realistic chronicles of small beer, so that a change is desirable. But there is neither imagination, fancy, grace, nor skill manifested in this crude and dull book. It is the supposed autobiography of a girl sprang from the unfortunate marriage of a well-born lady, having a tendency to madness, with a disreputable adventurer, who, after driving his wife into a lunatic asylum, leaves his child in charge of a couple of miserably poor peasants, where she is ragged, dirty, untaught, and almost unfed, though they are in the receipt of a liberal sum for her maintenance, paid by her aunt, the widow of a wealthy French noble. She is transferred to this aunt's care early in the story, and grows up to beautiful womanhood in the midst of wealth and good society. The aunt dies suddenly quite penniless, and the young lady has to take a situation in England as companion to the widow of an impoverished baronet, whose two sons both fall in love with her, while she, sinking the true facts of her history, and keeping her Countess aunt in the foreground, describes her father as an officer slain in battle, and her mother as dead for sorrow at his loss. She gets engaged to Sir Basil Barry, and at this juncture her father turns up, and threatens to tell him all the facts she has suppressed unless she will buy silence. Having no money, she makes fierce love to the younger brother, who has charge of some funds belonging to his elder, and persuades him to rob the safe in order to supply her, and having thus got rid of her father, allows her engagement to be made known. The younger brother, thus deceived, does not ex-

pose her, but leaves the country. She marries; but her husband gets consumptive, and they go to Paris; and there, during the crash of the Commune, her father turns up again, hunted for his life by the troops, and at the last forces himself into his dying son-in-law's bedroom, and tells him most of the truth about the heroine, who is forced to admit the remainder herself by the sudden appearance of the missing younger brother also, who, as a colonel of the Versailles troops, commands the detachment which is chasing Henry Milner. Sir Basil dies of the shock, and the disconsolate widow returns home to look after her boy, the youthful heir, and to regret that the state of the law does not allow her to marry her deceased husband's brother, as she would clearly have wished to do had he asked her. Such is the plot, and the language, strained, artificial, and even hysterical at times, is quite in keeping with it. The characters are one and all mere lay-figures, and the only thing to be said in defence is that the author seems to mean us to understand that the heroine's words and actions are affected by hereditary insanity. But there has not been the skill requisite for a psychological study such as this would require, and sheer dullness is the result.

The author of *That Lass o' Lowrie's* has turned her attention to a completely different aspect of life from that of colliers and their belongings. *Dolly* is a tale of that shifty and yet shiftless artist-life which is commonly named, as Henri Murger named it, Bohemia, but which Miss Burnett has preferred to describe as Vagabondia. It has much cleverness, and the heroine is a very daring and diverting little person; but there is less originality of treatment than in her previous book, as also less power, and we seem to be reading what we have read before, notably in such novels as *Barbara's History*, *Kitty*, and several others. Nor is it possible to acquiesce cheerfully in the heroine's fate. She does, indeed, marry the man of her choice, who has been that choice from almost childhood, but he is such a poor creature, weak, vacillating, hysterical, and furiously suspicious and jealous, that one cannot augur well for their wedded happiness; since if he be sane, he must be devoured with exacting inconsiderate selfishness, and if not sane, the position of a madman's keeper in a home without the appliances of a private asylum is not pleasant for a wife. It is probably to Miss Burnett's citizenship across the Atlantic that we must ascribe the error of local colouring which places the headquarters of London Vagabondia in that austere respectable thoroughfare, Bloomsbury Place. Clearly the street which unites Southampton Row and Bloomsbury Square is not really intended, as the houses are described as having dilapidated gardens in front. But the humours of the Crome household are very pleasant reading, whether in Bloomsbury or in Utopia.

The ordinary English reader knows so very little of the history of the revolt of the Spanish American colonies from the mother country that a succinct and graphic narrative, embracing the whole group from Mexico down to the northern frontier of Patagonia, would be a useful and welcome

addition to literature. And it would also doubtless be possible to compile a very readable volume of episodes in the careers of some of the most notable insurgents, particularly Bolivar. But the amount of practical success hitherto achieved by the now independent colonies in the establishment of governments so manifestly superior to that of Spain in stability, efficiency, and other good qualities, as to make a thinking mind rejoice in their substitution for the elder rule, has been far too small to arouse content, not to say enthusiasm. And therefore it is not easy to follow with appetite the prolix story in which the anonymous Estanciero (=land-bailiff or manager of an estate) details the birth of the Argentine Confederation in 1806, or more strictly, 1810, and carries on the records of its infancy so far as 1816. If an era of peace and prosperity had then begun, it would be possible to accept a part of the eulogy bestowed on the people of Buenos Ayres, but those who have read the annals further, who know how long and fiercely the civil war between the Unionists and the Federalists raged, what the rule of Rosas was in Buenos Ayres, and of Ribiera in Banda Oriental (not to cite that of Francia in the neighbour State of Paraguay), and how persistently, despite wellnigh boundless natural resources, and a steady influx of immigration, the expenditure has exceeded the revenue, will utterly fail to view the revolt through the iridescent halo of *Ponce de Leon*. The plot of the tale is wholly subordinate to the historical matter, possesses no independent interest, and does but protract a narrative already far too long, where a judicious abridgment of Arcos, Dominguez, and Sarmiento would have been more acceptable. As it is, Mitre is almost the only authority referred to, and the brief epilogue, in which a dry summary of the revolution is given, proves more readable by far than the main narrative.

The completion of *A Modern Minister* does not alter the unfavourable judgment which it was necessary to pass upon the earlier portion. Proclaimed as the coming work of fiction which was to initiate a series of "Cheveley Novels" destined to be as marked a point of departure in literature as *Waverley* proved to be; loudly whispered as the work of a Great Unknown, whose pleasure it was, while hidden from the critics, to reap new laurels to be added to the whole shrubberies of that vegetable already in his possession on other grounds; and, what is much more to the purpose, issued by a famous publishing house which has made a reputation for introducing new and successful writers; the book is nevertheless pompous, prolix, and deadly dull, and none the less so for a continual straining after effect, and a tawdry stagyness of incident and style. There is nothing which can be interpreted as a coherent plot; there is not one single figure in the thickly crowded canvas—least of all the hero—bearing the slightest resemblance to real flesh and blood, as distinguished from the characters of melodrama; there is so little invention that several of the personages and incidents are doubled; so little gift of method that the reader continually gets "mixed" in the effort to remember who is who; and the language, where it is not

simply imitative, at a long distance, of Dickens and Bulwer Lytton, is remarkably apt to drift into very slipshod English. If it be, as vaguely hinted, the work of one who has already made a name in literature, it will go far to wreck the reputation of its author; if it be that of a new candidate for popular favour, it will need long years of patient work on a much more modest scale and in a less pretentious style—*genre-painting* on a hand's breadth of canvas instead of high art on whole acres—to do away with the memory of this cumbersome failure, illustrated, by the by, with drawings just worthy of the letterpress. The one thing that may be said in favour of *A Modern Minister* is that there is no harm in it, and that the abundant sentiments of cheap piety and philanthropy scattered on its pages follow carefully the model set by Dickens; but the amplest proof that it is the composition, not of one illustrious person alone, but of a syndicate made up of George Eliot, Anthony Trollope, Alfred Tennyson, Prof. Ruskin, Lord Beaconsfield, Sir Wilfrid Lawson, and Mr. Spurgeon will not avail to give it vitality. Had it been less ambitious in design, and less aggressively trumpeted, a lighter censure than this might have sufficed for its demerits, but it would have proved no easier to discover matter for praise.

Somemodern representative of the Athenian who was bored by hearing Aristides called the Just, has written a clever skit in the form of a series of letters supposed to be discovered after the death of Mr. Richardson, and giving the ending of his most famous hero. Unfortunately, Richardson's novels—except the abridged *Clarissa*—are so little known to modern readers that the careful imitation of the epistolary styles of Sir Charles Grandison himself, of Harriet Byron, and of Lord and Lady G. will be thrown away upon the vast majority of them, but everyone knows something at least of the virtuous renown of the courtly baronet, and will therefore be able to appreciate the fun of depicting him as a common swindler and hypocrite, who had not even a right to the name and title he bore, who drank and gambled and cheated on the sly, and finally died after being bailed out of an Italian prison, in which he had been confined for fully adequate reasons connected with his old relations with the Della Poretta family, also depicted as a gang of low-born sharpers. The misfortune of the caricature, which is broad and highly coloured, is that it comes more than a century too late. Issued in 1756 or thereabouts, it would have aroused inextinguishable laughter, but it has not now a prospect of even such a measure of popular appreciation as greeted Mr. Burnand's *New Sandford and Merton*. And when even Thackeray's happy parody of *Ivanhoe*—his *Rebecca and Rowena*—made so very little impression, a less brilliant effort cannot look for success.

RICHARD F. LITTLEDALE.

CURRENT THEOLOGY.

Studia Sacra. Commentaries on the Introductory Verses of St. John's Gospel, and on a Portion of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans; with other Theological Papers. By the Rev. John Keble, M.A. (James Parker and Co.) This is a

volume of fragments; and its interest is almost wholly of a personal nature. By the very many who revere the memory of Mr. Keble the book will be valued as adding some further richness of tone to the picture they have already rightly formed of the painstaking, scholarly, and, above all, devout and loving-hearted student of the Sacred Scriptures and of the early Fathers. The "Notes on the Greek Testament" are early work, extracted from the author's interleaved Greek Testament. The editor, following the sound advice of friends, gives only a specimen, but quite sufficient to show us the young clergyman carefully and honestly at work in his study. Other portions of the volume have more of intrinsic merit—more especially the comment on fifteen verses of St. John (i., 1-15) which occupies the first forty-four pages. This is the work of Mr. Keble's old age, [and exhibits such fullness and ripeness of Scriptural and theological knowledge, and such true insight into the deeper meaning of the Evangelist, that one cannot but regret the abrupt ending of the MS. Mr. Keble was a well-read theologian, but with this commentary on St. John before us we feel that for even the mere literary interpretation of such writings as those of St. John more is needed than learning or critical sagacity; and we are reminded by Mr. Keble's work of the words inscribed above the door of Neander's study, "Pectus Theologum facit." The few notes entitled "Processio Spiritus Sancti" will exhibit the minute care with which Mr. Keble examined the patristic testimonies on the subject of the vexed controversy between the Oriental and Western Churches.

Critical and Exegetical Handbook of the Acts of the Apostles. By Heinrich August Wilhelm Meyer, Th.D. Translated from the Fourth Edition of the German by the Rev. Paton J. Gloag, D.D. The Translation Revised and Edited by William P. Dickson, D.D., Professor of Divinity in the University of Glasgow. Vol. II. (Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.) *Critical and Exegetical Handbook of the Gospel of Matthew.* By Heinrich August Wilhelm Meyer, Th.D. Translated from the Sixth Edition of the German by the Rev. Peter Christie. The Translation Revised and Edited by Frederick Crombie, D.D., Professor of Biblical Criticism, St. Mary's College, St. Andrew's. Vol. I. (Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.) These volumes form the first issue of the third year of Messrs. Clark's edition of Meyer's Commentary. We doubt whether Messrs. Clark's extensive library of foreign theology contains anything more useful for those for whom they are mainly intended than this series of Meyer's excellent *Handbücher*. The English clergyman, too seldom familiar with German, will find Meyer (now accessible to him) a vast advance on his Wordsworth or Alford. It is not creditable to our Biblical scholarship that we do not possess one English commentary on the Gospels that can be fairly regarded as meritorious. The editors and translators of the volumes before us seem to have done their work very carefully. The student will find it a great convenience to have the references to a book so constantly in his hands as Winer's *Grammar of the New Testament Diction* made applicable throughout to the English translation. The references to the German edition also stand in the text.

Occasional Sermons preached before the University of Cambridge and Elsewhere, with an Appendix of Hymns. By Benjamin Hall Kennedy, D.D., Regius Professor of Greek, Cambridge, and Canon of Ely. (Bell and Sons.) Greek scholarship and the art of preaching a good sermon have apparently no relation to one another. These sermons are throughout commonplace, both in thought and expression, and are not unfrequently marked by a provincial tone very distinctly perceptible. Neither in respect to Biblical exegesis nor theology proper have we found anything of value. Dr. Kennedy, like many others, has no

affection for the Athanasian Creed, but we doubt whether (scrupulously orthodox as he is) the Professor's own language is either more accurate or more luminous than that of the *Quicunque*. "We may shortly say," writes Prof. Kennedy, "Tripersonality is confessed to be an attribute of the Divine Unity." "That is," as a foot-note explains (?) "the Divine Unity comprises within itself three CORRELATES, which theologians have, not happily, called Persons." If Dr. Kennedy is no preacher, still less is he a poet. The hymns seldom rise above doggerel. We do not know whether it is as modestly acknowledging the prosaic character of his verses that Dr. Kennedy adopts the fashion of printing the lines without the initial capitals that ordinarily indicate what is meant for poetry. Suggested by the sublime words of Psalm cii., "Thou, Lord, in the beginning hast laid the foundations of the earth; and the heavens are the work of thy hands," &c., we have

"they wane, they perish; Thou at rest
abidest ever underanged;
they fade like raiment; as a vest
Thou changest them and they are changed."

Surely a specimen of "the art of sinking in poetry." Nor should we desire added to the present collections of hymns the following (though in sentiment unexceptionable)—

"Unto parents honour show
and be good to all below.

covet not thy neighbour's wife,
dearest treasure of his life," &c., &c.

These specimens have not tempted us to examine *The Psalms of David in English Verse* by the same author.

The Christian Creed: its Theory and Practice. With a Preface on some present Dangers of the English Church. By the Rev. Stanley Leathes, M.A., Prebendary of St. Pauls, Professor of Hebrew, King's College, &c. (Hodder and Stoughton.) This book is composed of sermons on the articles of the Apostles' Creed. They are of an altogether popular cast, and aim only at simple exposition and "edification." The Preface is a declamation against "Sacerdotalism" and the "Sacramental System." Prof. Leathes thinks "it is high time to cry aloud, and spare not, to lift up the voice like the trumpet." It may be so; but certainly the "sounding alchemy" at the mouth of Prof. Leathes emits but a very feeble squeaking.

Scripture Illustrations from the Domestic Life of the Jews and other Eastern Nations. By the late John Eadie, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Biblical Literature and Exegesis, United Presbyterian Church. (Collins.) "This volume, which was designed by the author to be the first part of a large work on Scripture illustration from different sources, is complete in itself; and by far the larger part of it received the author's final revision." The editor, the Rev. John C. Jackson, has added a few chapters to complete the design. A characteristic and admirable feature of the work is the abundance of well-chosen illustrative extracts from the writings of travellers and historians, ancient and modern, added to most of the articles treated. Thus Porter, Stanley, Layard, Thompson, Lane, Wilkinson, Rawlinson, and many others, are laid under contribution. These extracts are not mere snippets, but are given with sufficient fullness to possess each an independent interest of its own. They are generally well selected, and from writers who may speak with authority. The wood-engravings are numerous, but are of a style so mean and slovenly that most readers must regret their presence. Still, we dare say, they will not prevent the *Scripture Illustrations* being, as they deserve, a favourite with Sunday School teachers and scholars. Of its kind we do not know any better book.

The Words of Life. (Longmans.) The words of Jesus, as recorded by the Evangelists, arranged

under headings according to the subject-matter, as, e.g., "The Day of Judgment," "Persecutions," "The Scriptures," "The Sabbath," &c.

The Frescoed Chamber; or, the New Testament concealed in the Old, and the Old revealed in the New. By Hely Smith, Rector of Tansley, Derbyshire. (Seeley, Jackson and Halliday.) This is an essay which obtained a local prize, confined to residents in Derbyshire, and founded in memory of the Rev. Philip Gell, of St. John's, Derby. If we are right in gathering from the Memorandum prefixed to the Essay that Mr. Hely Smith's is the best of forty essays contributed, thirty-nine Derbyshire authors must have been particularly unhappy in their efforts at Scriptural exegesis.

The Gospel of Home Life. By Mark Evans. (C. Kegan Paul and Co.) Mr. Evans is already favourably known to the public by a little book of theology for children, entitled *The Story of our Father's Love told to Children*. The present work is more ambitious. It sets before it as an aim the solution of what Professor Tyndall in his Belfast Address calls "the problem of problems at the present hour"—viz. the problem of yielding "the religious sentiment reasonable satisfaction." This "reasonable satisfaction," Mr. Evans contends, may be had from "the primaevial revelation" of domestic life—"a revelation not locked up as a mystery, in the charge of priests, but to be apprehended by each one of us in the sacred circle of home, in the round of everyday duties." The existence of "the religious sense," "instinct," or "sentiment," is assumed throughout. This sense, or instinct, is, according to the writer, unsatisfied by "the Unknown," or "by the study of the collective self"—in fact, by anything short of "a conscious object of its reverence and love," or, to use Mr. Evans's constantly repeated phrase, "One better than the best we can conceive." The moral argument for Theism is put with a freshness of utterance that comes from very genuine feeling. The mode in which it is attempted to support the conceptions of distinctively Christian theology in a similar manner is certainly less successful. This interesting little book would not be less meritorious if it betrayed less of lofty scorn for those who differ from Mr. Evans's theology.

The Canons of the First Four General Councils of Nicaea, Constantinople, Ephesus, and Chalcedon. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.) The Delegates give us here, printed in clear type, the Greek text of the Canons, together with the Nicene and Constantinopolitan Creeds and the Chalcedonian Definition. Convenient indexes to the subjects of the Canons are supplied.

The Book of Common Prayer: its History and Contents. By the Rev. Coleman Ivens. (Collins, Sons and Co.) This compilation is one of Messrs. Collins's School Series. Wheatley's *Rational Illustration* is a favourite source of information with Mr. Ivens, and sometimes the silliest comments of that writer are carefully transcribed—as, e.g., on the "Invitatory" (p. 47). We have noticed several minor errors and inaccuracies; but we dare say that Mr. Ivens is justified in the modest statement of his Preface that there is no other book on the Prayer-Book "which treats of its contents so fully at so moderate a price."

What is Natural Theology? An Attempt to Estimate the Cumulative Evidence of many Witnesses to God. Boyle Lectures, 1876. By Alfred Barry, D.D., Principal of King's College, London, Canon of Worcester. (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.) The title fairly indicates the nature of the contents of this volume. Whether it be due to the effort to do too much, to exhibit in a small space too wide a range of argument, or to some other cause, the general effect is a failure. Those who desire to understand what in our day can be said for Theism will find Prof. Flint's recent work to contrast very favourably with Canon Barry's as regards close reasoning, thoroughness, and cogency. Canon Barry's phrase, "the theology of the imagination," seems

to us singularly unhappy as a designation of the beliefs deposited and tendencies to belief awakened by the sense of beauty, the aesthetic sensibility. Canon Barry after a fashion explains what he means; but one is at the end left with the impression that "the theology of the imagination" and "imaginative theology" are interchangeable. This is to be regretted the more, because this vein of argument is of real value, and has never yet been thoroughly wrought.

Essay on the Right Estimation of Manuscript Evidence in the Text of the New Testament. By Thomas Rawson Birks, M.A. (Macmillan.) In this essay Prof. Birks endeavours to bring the textual criticism of the New Testament within the range of mathematical law, with, among others, this remarkable result, that "on the hypothesis most favourable to the early MSS."—i.e., "the hypothesis which assigns to B and κ infallible excellence when they agree, and distributes their certain errors between them in the ratio of their divergence from the Received Text"—"and specially to the Vatican, its weight is exactly that of two MSS. of the fifteenth century, while the Sinaitic weighs only one third more than an average MS. of the eleventh century" (p. 66). The attempt thus to subvert the principle on which textual criticism has hitherto proceeded is a bold one, but Mr. Birks's reasonings, at least in their general bearing, are by no means easy to resist. Nothing, of course, could be more natural than to regard the most ancient witnesses as also the most trustworthy, and if they agreed among themselves, or the few that survive were in all cases the parents of our more recent MSS., no principle could be more just. But neither of these things is true. The oldest MSS. may themselves, as many are beginning to suspect, be corrupt; and there is always the probability, in varying degrees, that the cursives, being derived from MSS. contemporaneous with our oldest, or even more ancient still, may represent a purer text. At any rate, the text of the New Testament cannot be regarded as by any means finally settled, and Prof. Birks's little work is an appeal, which should not be neglected, for the reconsideration of the whole question.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE subject of the next course of the Hibbert Lectures will be the Ancient Religion of Egypt. The trustees have appointed M. Le Page Renouf to deliver them.

PROF. HAECKEL, of Jena, has answered Prof. Virchow's famous speech delivered at Munich at the meeting of German naturalists and physicians. The title of his pamphlet is *Freie Wissenschaft und freie Lehre*, the motto *Impavidum progrederimur*. Virchow had denied that evolution could ever change an ape into a man. Haeckel re-asserts the possibility, and more than possibility, of that change, and represents Virchow as the ally of the Jesuits.

PROF. STENSLER has just published his translation of Pāraskara's *Grihya-sūtras*. The Sanskrit text of these rules on the domestic ceremonies of the ancient Brahmans was published last year. We owe to Prof. Stensler the edition and translation of a similar collection of economical rules, ascribed to Āśvalāyana, and published in 1864 or 1865.

MR. R. HAMILTON LANG, late H.B.M. Consul in Cyprus, who spent nine years in that island, has in preparation a volume on the history and present condition of Cyprus, which will be published in September by Messrs Macmillan and Co.

THE same publishers will bring out at the end of August the new novel, *The Europeans*, by Mr. Henry James, junior, at present running through the *Atlantic Monthly*.

MESSRS. LONGMAN announce for publication *The Famine Campaign in Southern India in*

1876-78, by William Digby, Secretary of the Madras Famine Committee, and Editor of the *Madras Times*; and the *History of the Ancient British Church*, by the Rev. John Pryce, Vicar of Bangor.

MESSRS. W. H. ALLEN and Co. will publish this month *Turk and Slav, from a Geographical, Ethnological, and Historical point of view*, with special reference to the late political situation, by Dr. R. G. Latham.

THE article on "Catharine of Russia," in the current number of the *Quarterly Review*, we learn, is written by Mr. George Strachey.

MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW and Co. have arranged with Mr. Grattan Geary, editor of the *Times of India*, for the early publication of his narrative of his recent journey along the Persian Gulf, and ride of more than a thousand miles through Asiatic Turkey. The title of the work will be "Bombay to the Bosphorus."

MESSRS. C. KEGAN PAUL and Co. have in the press a work on Mount Etna, by Mr. G. F. Rodwell, Science Master in Marlborough College. It contains topographical and geological maps, and gives a detailed history of the mountain and of its eruptions.

It is stated that Longfellow's series of poetical notes, entitled *Poems of Places*, will deal with Asia in three volumes, which will be issued shortly.

THE forthcoming volume of the Theological Translation Fund Library, issued by Messrs. Williams and Norgate, is Baur's *First Three Centuries of the Christian Church*. The translator is the Rev. Allan Menzies.

Our Woodland Trees is the title of a forthcoming work, to be published shortly by Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, and Co., from the pen of Mr. Francis George Heath, author of *The Fern World*.

MESSRS. CASSELL, PETTER and GALPIN will publish next week the official Report of the Lambeth Conference.

UNDER the title of "New Greece," Messrs. Cassell, Petter and Galpin will shortly issue a volume by Mr. Lewis Sargeant, which will comprise a survey of the actual condition of the country at the present day and its history during the past few years. The work will be illustrated by two maps.

THE Scotch newspapers chronicle the death of Isabella Richardson, on July 23, at the advanced age of ninety-six years. The name of Mrs. Richardson is unknown to fame; but, under the pseudonym of "Tibbie Shiel," all readers of the *Noctes Ambrosianae* will recognise the mistress of a cottage on the edge of St. Mary's Loch, under whose roof Christopher North and the Ettrick Shepherd used to meet. That cottage has since grown into an hotel, of which the chief attraction was the hospitable care and interesting reminiscences of "Auld Tibbie." Her death breaks one of the few personal links that bound the Scotland of literature to the Scotland of the tourist.

IN a large collection of MS. Sermons, chiefly by Conformists and Nonconformists of the seventeenth century, in the Bodleian Library, which with few exceptions belonged to Dr. Richard Rawlinson, Mr. Macray has lately discovered (while engaged upon making a short catalogue) in a small anonymous and imperfect volume the original copies, with frequent corrections, of three sermons by Bishop Sanderson. Two of these, on Romans iii., 8, and 1 Cor. vii., 24, are amongst his printed works; but the third, on Psalm ci., 3, has never yet been published. This volume came from Archbishop Sancroft's library. Other volumes in this collection contain original shorthand notes by Tillotson of sermons preached by him in 1680-93; a series by Dr. A. Horneck on Psalm li.; and many by Bishop Turner of Ely.

PROF. DE HARLEZ, of Louvain, is engaged in work on Eranian philology. His Manual of the language of the *Avesta* is at press; and his dictionary of the same idiom is finished. These are to be followed by corresponding works on Pehlevi, of which the grammar is already complete in MS.

IN the autumn Messrs. Macmillan will issue the *Historical Memorials of the Royal Palace and Chapel of the Savoy*, by the Rev. William J. Loftie, B.A., F.S.A., with an etching by Tristram Ellis from J. M. W. Turner, R.A., with other illustrations; and with copious Notes gathered from the records of the Duchy of Lancaster, and from those in the Rolls.

KEIL's edition of the *Latin Grammarians* will, it is expected, be finished this year, by the publication of the second part of vol. vii. The first part contains the writers on orthography: Terentius Scaurus, Velius Longus, Caper, Agroecius, Cassiodorus, Martirius, Beda, and Albinus.

MESSRS. TEUBNER, of Leipzig, announce that so soon as the Latin Grammarians are done with, they will commence on the same method an edition of the remains of the Greek Grammarians, commencing with those of Apollonius Dyscolus. The comment, apparatus, indices, &c., are entrusted to Messrs. R. Schneider and G. Uhlig.

MR. ALFRED NUTT, the son of the late Mr. David Nutt, of 270 Strand, is now, we understand, to be associated with Mr. Haas in the management of the business. We are glad to hear that this new arrangement, which follows naturally on Mr. Nutt's coming of age, will produce no change in the position of Mr. Haas, one of the few really competent foreign bibliographers in London, and as obliging as he is competent.

M. ISIDORE LIEUX is preparing an edition of the translation of Boccaccio's *Decameron* made by Antoine de Maçon, secretary in 1545 to the Queen of Navarre. It will be printed on Holland paper, and embellished with vignettes, initials, tail-pieces, &c., taken from the finest Lyons editions of the sixteenth century, and the first volume (of six) will appear on August 10. There will also be a small issue on China paper.

It is in contemplation to found an association in New York under the title of "The American Dramatic Authors' Society," with the object of encouraging the production of original plays, and regulating the present practice of competitive translation from the French and German. We do not find that anything is suggested for the protection of the rights of English authors.

THE death is announced at New York, on July 16, of Mrs. Richard Stapells, better known as Miss Mary Wells. She was born at Lincoln, in England, in 1829, and was a favourite actress in the United States between the years 1850 and 1868.

THE great literary success of the day in France is Victor Hugo's *Histoire d'un Crime*. The sale of the people's edition at two francs has reached 150,000; and a new and still cheaper edition is to appear with illustrations, published at two sous the number. *Le Pape* has likewise passed through half a score of editions.

IN the *Nuova Antologia* for July 15 Signor Berti begins a series of articles on Campanella, in the first of which he treats of the causes of his imprisonment, and shows from contemporary documents that Campanella was engaged in no political conspiracy, but that his mysticism created great animosity among the Calabrian friars, who prepared for him the fate which usually befalls a prophet. Signor Toschi continues his lively article on the "Physiology of the Painters of the Fourteenth Century," and argues that the religious sentiment which we now discover in their paintings is chiefly owing to the simplicity and *naïveté* of style and composition, which arose from their want of technical knowledge and study from nature. Signor Palma gives an historical

survey of European Congresses, from Westphalia to Berlin, and classifies the Congress of Berlin with that of Utrecht and Paris, 1815, as being founded on ideas of force rather than of nationality. Signor Bonghi compares Shakspeare's *Tempest* with M. Renan's *Caliban*, regarding them respectively as expressions of the ideas of their time. Signor Pozzolini-Sicilliani gives a graphic sketch of the miracle of Saint Januarius at Naples, and Signor Issel commences a series of articles on "Cave-Dwellings and their Inhabitants," in which he gives a *résumé* of modern discoveries. On the whole this number of the *Nuova Antologia* is exceptionally full of interesting articles.

ALL last week Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge were engaged in selling the extensive library of the late Rev. John Wood Warter, son-in-law of Robert Southey. Included in it were some manuscripts of the poet, which did not, however, excite much competition; among these may be noted—Autograph manuscript of *The Doctor*, notes, &c., 6s.; Catalogue of Southey's library, 2l. 10s.; Collections for History of Portugal, 2l. 11s.; Manuscript copy of ditto, 2l. 15s.; manuscripts connected with the Peninsular War, with many autograph letters of general officers, &c., respecting various battles, 4l. 15s.; a large collection of autograph letters to Mr. and Mrs. Southey from notable persons, 1l. 19s.; the autograph manuscripts of Mr. Warter himself fetched 5s. Among the books sold were—*Mirror for Magistrates*, edited by J. Haslewood, 1815, 7l. 17s. 6d.; Chapman's Homer, N. Butter, 1616 (imperfect), 8l. 10s.; Taylor, the Water-Poet: *all his Works*, 1630, 9l. 9s.; Sir J. G. Wilkinson's *Egyptians* (presentation copy to Southey), 8l. 15s.; Dyce's *Beaumont and Fletcher*, 9l. 2s. 6d.; Brydges' *Censura Literaria*, 9l. 5s.; Fuller's *Worthies*, 1662, 3l. 15s.; Nichols's *Literary Anecdotes, Illustrations, &c.*, with continuation, 13l. 10s.; J. Chrysostomi *Opera*, 13 vols., 1734–41, 8l. 8s.; *Blackwood's Magazine*, complete from 1817 to 1877, 122 vols., 8l. 15s.; *Quarterly Review*, from 1809 to 1877, 144 vols. (with Southey's articles marked), 7l. 10s.; *Notes and Queries*, complete from 1849 to 1877, 14l. 10s.; *Archæologia and Heliconia*, 5 vols. of reprints of scarce works, 9l. 15s.; *Harleian Miscellany*, 9l. 12s. 6d.; Wood's *Athenæ*, edition by Bliss, 1813–20, 15l. 15s.; Jamieson's *Scotch Dictionary and Supplement*, 10l. 10s. The whole amount realised by the six days' sale was 1,077l. 19s.

We have received *Design and Work*, Vol. I., New Series (G. Purkess); *The Christian World*, Family Circle Edition, Vol. I. (James Clarke); Miller's *Elements of Chemistry*, revised by Charles E. Groves, Part II.: *Inorganic Chemistry*, Sixth Edition, with additions (Longmans); *Mechanical Dentistry*, by Charles Hunter (Crosby Lockwood); *The Life of Edgar Allan Poe*, by William F. Gill, Fourth Edition, revised and enlarged (New York: W. J. Widdleton); *The Moon*, by Richard A. Proctor, Second Edition (Longmans); *One and Three*, by F. C. Burnand (Bradbury, Agnew and Co.); *A Voyage with Death, and other Poems*, by Adair Welcker (Oakland, Cal.: Strickland); *The English Guide to the Paris Exhibition* (Mason); *Cyprus: The Christian History of our New Colonial Gem*, by the Rev. Richard Glover (Sampson Low); *Notes on the Defence of the Book of Daniel*, by a Clergyman (Dublin: William M'Gee); *The Transfer of Gasworks to Local Authorities*, by Arthur Silverthorne (Crosby Lockwood); *English Landscape Art in the Year 1878*, by Alfred Dawson (Deighton and Dunthorne); *The Celebrated Story of the Foxes' Tails*, as told by Leo Ross (The Edinburgh Publishing Company); *Handbook to the British Indian Section in the Paris Universal Exhibition*, by George O. M. Birdwood (second edition); *Report of the General Conference of Liberal Thinkers*, held June 13 and 14, at South Place Chapel, Finsbury (Trübner); *Diagnosis plantarum novarum vel minus cognitatarum Mexicanarum et Centrali-Americandarum*. Pars I. Auctore W. B. Hemsley (Taylor and Francis).

NOTES OF TRAVEL.

AFTER a month's stay at Khartum, waiting for permission from the Khedive to cross the frontier, Signor Gessi's party reached Fadassi on the borders of the Galla country, on March 19. They intend to penetrate into the country of the Gallas, many of whom are met with at Fadassi, where they go to exchange cattle for salt. Three hours distance from this place is the Sabos River, the banks of which are inhabited by the Amami tribe, a savage people, who are in the habit of waylaying the caravans taking salt into the Galla country.

THE Abbé Debaize, who recently received a grant of 100,000 francs from the French Government for a scientific expedition to Central Africa, arrived at Zanzibar early in June.

THE Marchese Antinori is believed to be still at Shoa, engaged in organising a scientific station, and in making researches into the zoology of the country. Captain Cecchi and Signor Chiarini propose to examine the southern districts of Shoa and the upper portion of the Hawash river.

SINCE his arrival at Gorée, in the Senegal River, M. de Semellé appears to have entirely changed his scheme of African exploration. When he left France, his intention was to ascend the Niger and the Binoué, and to explore the surrounding countries. It is said that he now proposes to start from the Gaboon, and to cross the continent to Zanzibar.

A TRAVELLER who recently made a journey from Assam towards the Chinese province of Yunnan, with a view to exploring a trade-route from India to China through that region, states that this route appears to be a happy medium between Burmah on the one side and Thibet on the other. He points out that the route from Assam offers the facility of navigation on the mighty Brahmaputra to within 200 miles of the Yunnan frontier, and that there are no obstructive governments or serious geographical difficulties to be encountered in the country between the Brahmaputra and Yunnan. The intervening region has not been explored for fifty years, but there is no opposition to be expected on the part of the natives, as they are alleged to have expressed a desire for the opening of a route in order to increase their facilities for trade. They already trade with China on the one side and Assam on the other, notwithstanding that they can only do so in the cold season, when the streams are dry the beds of which they use as roads; they are compelled to adopt this course, as the impassable jungle does not at present admit of traffic when the rains fill the streams. The tribes referred to are in some measure civilised, and can read and write; they are Shans and Singphos, and are not to be confounded with the savages inhabiting the regions on the rest of the frontiers of Assam.

News has been received of M. Paul Soleillet's arrival at the end of May at Bachel, some 250 leagues from the mouth of the Senegal River. He was full of hope of being able to reach the Mediterranean through Algeria.

In a communication to the Geographical Society of Marseilles, M. Broyon deprecates the establishment of a first "station" so far from the coast as the northern end of Lake Tanganyika; and the reasons which he advances against it possess considerable weight. He recommends that some place about a month's journey from the coast should be chosen in preference, pointing out that few porters would be required for transporting baggage and merchandise, and that the station would be more easily established in a safe position. Arrangements for the second station could be made from the first, which would get its provisions without difficulty from the coast. M. Broyon thinks that the centre of Africa would be more surely reached by the adoption of such a plan as this, and that the various stations would then run no risk of being without provisions.

THE new number of the French Geographical Society's *Bulletin* contains M. Oh. Maunoir's report on the work of the society and the progress of geographical science during 1877, which is illustrated by sketch-maps showing Dr. Harmand's explorations in Indo-China, Herr Wiener's work in Peru and Bolivia, and Mr. Stanley's explorations in Africa.

THE *Bulletin* of the Geographical Society of Antwerp contains a paper of some interest by the president, Col. Wauwermann, entitled "*L'œuvre Africaine dans ses Rapports avec les Progrès du Commerce et de l'Industrie*."

M. H. CAPITAINE contributes a paper on Cyprus to the last issue of *L'Exploration*.

THE new edition of Behm and Wagner's *Bevölkerung der Erde*, which has just been issued as a supplement to Petermann's well-known geographical publication, fully sustains the reputation that the work had previously acquired. It has unfortunately appeared too early for the adoption of the territorial limits laid down by the Berlin Treaty, but we have no doubt a supplement will soon be brought out to remedy this defect. Meantime we probably have, in the work itself and in the excellent foot-notes to every page, a closer approximation to the population of the Turkish provinces in Europe and Asia than has hitherto been published. The population of our new possession Cyprus is variously estimated at 250,000 (60,000 Mohammedans and 190,000 Christians), and 144,000 (44,000 Mohammedans and 100,000 Christians), the latter estimate being probably nearer the truth. The total population of the globe is estimated at 1,439 millions, which shows an increase of fifteen millions since the last publication; this increase is due partly to natural increase of population, and partly to a more correct appreciation of the population of countries which have only been imperfectly explored. The population of the earth is thus distributed:—

| | |
|-----------------------------------|---------------|
| Europe | 312,398,480 |
| Asia | 831,000,000 |
| Africa | 205,219,500 |
| Australia and Polynesia | 4,411,300 |
| America | 86,116,000 |
| Total | 1,439,145,280 |

We have recently received a copy of the Statutes of the German Society for the Exploration of Palestine, with the first number of the journal which it is proposed to issue quarterly. On the committee are the well-known names of Baedeker, Delitzsch, Fraas, Kiepert, von Moltke, Sandreczki, Schick, and Strauss, and in the first number are papers by Profs. Kautzsch, and Socin, and by M. Schick: the last on some recently discovered tombs on the Hill of Evil Counsel, and the ancient remains at the north-west angle of the city wall at Jerusalem. There is ample room in Palestine for the English and German societies, and we hope that they may work cordially together, and so hasten the desired end of a complete and systematic examination of every ancient site in the country.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE *Quarterly* is even more political than usual, as indeed might be expected in this heyday of its party; but two or three of its articles call for notice in these pages. In "*The Englishwoman at School*" we find a really fair and appreciative estimate of what has been done, and still may be done, for the education of girls. Beginning with a notice of the Report of the Schools Inquiry Commission—the gist of which was that the materials were good and ready to hand, if only better training could be found for the mistresses and better sense for the parents—the paper goes on candidly to point out how much has been done in both these directions by the Girls' Public Day School Company, who already, within five or six

years of its coming into existence, has established some dozen first-rate and most successful schools, besides setting a readily followed example to various great towns who prefer to organise schools of their own rather than to affiliate themselves to the Council sitting in London. There follows an account of what has been done at Cambridge and elsewhere for the education of young women after leaving school. To those, of course, who are already interested in these matters the article will convey little that is new; but if one reflects where the *Quarterly* mainly circulates—"the Tory homes of England"—it is difficult to overestimate the good that such a paper may do. In its other articles the *Quarterly* is a little disappointing. It is difficult to say anything fresh of M^{me}. du Deffand, who already in Villemain's day was put high among "*ces noms si connus*" of the eighteenth century; and the experienced veteran who handles her correspondence has not succeeded in being much more than readable. Nor does the long-expected article on "Martin Joseph Routh, President of Magdalen College," quite satisfy those readers of this generation whom the name of the patriarchal President has always filled with curiosity and interest.

"Here was one," says the writer, "who had presided over a famous college long enough to admit 183 fellows, 234 demies, and 162 choristers. The interval which his single memory bridged over seemed fabulous. He was personally familiar with names which to everyone else seemed to belong to history. William Penn's grandson had been his intimate friend. A contemporary of Addison's (Dr. Theophilus Leigh, Master of Balliol), had pointed out to him the situation of Addison's rooms. He had seen Dr. Johnson, in his brown wig, scrambling up the steps of University College. A lady told him that her mother remembered seeing King Charles II. walking with his dogs round 'the Parks' at Oxford (when the Parliament was held there during the plague in London); and, at the approach of the Heads of Houses, who tried to fall in with him, 'dodging' by the cross-path to the other side. (His Majesty's dogs, by the way, were highly offensive to the Heads.)"

The article carries us back to the beginning of the President's hundred years, and only ends with his burial before the altar of the College Chapel, on December 29, 1854. Of anecdotes, which we might expect to be many, there are singularly few, and these poor ones (one or two, such as that told on p. 21 of Mrs. Routh's "share in an incident," being simply fatuous); the whole paper, in fact, is occupied with a too sympathetic *résumé* of the barren and dry-as-dust theology to which the President's best energies were given. The *Reliquiæ Sacrae* was a work of labour, it was meditated on, revised, kept back, for much more than Horace's "nine years"; but real historical criticism has long since pronounced it to be of small value, and the verdicts of students who no longer read it, and of booksellers who no longer sell it, agree in consigning it to the limbo of the unremembered and unrememberable. It would indeed be an interesting psychological question, whether a man who keeps his mind rigidly closed to all the changes that occur around him—who ignores railways, and altered fashions, and political revolutions, and contemporary letters—can ever be a good historian or critic of the past. There used to be current in Oxford a story (which the writer of the *Quarterly* article does not quote) that shows what a still greater champion of orthodoxy than Routh thought of Routh's work. At the college "gaudy," in or about the year 1855, the junior fellow had made the customary Latin speech in praise of the college, and on its behalf uttered two laments—that it had produced Gibbon, and had lost Dr. Routh. Among the company was no less a man than Henry Phillpotts, Bishop of Exeter, who in his speech took up his parable in this fashion:—

"O ye fellows of Magdalen, if Gibbon was an infidel, whose fault was it but that of the college which refused to teach him? And think you that it is matter for boasting that your late President lived

a hundred years in the favoured home of learning, and produced nothing but what is already forgotten?"

In the *Edinburgh* we pass from a rather enthusiastic notice of poor Edmund J. Armstrong, who died lately at twenty-three years of age, to a severe lecture on M. de Laveleye's recently translated book on Primitive Property. Late events have made the word Socialism a name of terror; and the respectable literary man has small patience with a book which seems, ever so remotely, to suggest various socialistic or semi-socialistic answers to the economic questions of modern times. A more important article seems to us to be that on the "Origin and Wanderings of the Gypsies," evidently the work of some one who has mastered the literature of the subject, and knows how to tell a story well. Among other questions discussed by him is that of the origin of the name by which the gypsies are most generally known, viz., Zigeuner, Secané, &c. This he pronounces to be not the Persian Zengi, Arabic Zendsch (negro or blackamoor), for the double reason that out of Europe this name for gypsies is unknown, and that the Turkish form (Tchingiané) is more like the supposed Persian prototype than is the Greek *Ἀργίγκανος*, it being known that the word must have come to Turkish through Greek, and not to Greek through Turkish. Dr. Miklosich, whom this writer follows, identifies Acingani (*Ἀργίγκανος*) with Athingani (*Ἀθίγγανος*), the name of an obscure sect who lived in some parts of Asia Minor between the seventh and eleventh centuries. These persons

"derived their name from their avoidance, as unclean and contaminating, of all persons beyond their own community. . . . From these obscure sectaries the gypsies of Europe, through some channel of association of which the secret is now perhaps for ever lost, probably inherited their best-known name. They may have been called Athingani or Acingani, as they were afterwards called Bohemians, because their latest point of departure was from regions inhabited by these peoples; or they may have been called Athingani, as they were subsequently called Egyptians, in token of reproach and contumely. It is not pretended that they were connected by descent with the votaries of this strange sect. . . ."

We cannot follow the writer through his various facts and arguments, but may shortly give his conclusion—viz., that the Gypsies originally belonged to the lowest branch of the Aryan stock of India—viz., the *Jats*;

"that they were expelled from Scinde by the victories of Mahmoud in 1025-6; that they travelled slowly westward, making long halts in Persia and Armenia; and that they entered Europe, probably driven on by the whirlwind caused by Chingis Khan, in the course of the thirteenth century."

From the literary point of view there is not much to notice in this quarter's *Westminster*. "George Eliot as a Novelist" might have done duty very well a year or two ago as a review of *Daniel Deronda*, but what office a piece of second-rate criticism on George Eliot's work in general is intended to perform at the present time, when the whole subject has been written to death in all quarters, we cannot discover. A paragraph of general review-talk on the *Mill on the Floss* is almost ludicrous, so strong is the impression on one of the numberless similar paragraphs one has read before on the same subject. A Frenchman, at least, would have been saved by his sense of things *banales* from the concluding sentence of the paper:—"We are pleased to acknowledge our great indebtedness to these books," says the writer. Queen Anne is dead, indeed! "The Mythology and Religious Worship of the Ancient Japanese" appears to outsiders to be an important article, based on original work, but it is unattractively written, and shows little of that breadth of parallel knowledge which appears to be the indispensable condition for real success in themes of this kind. The amount of information it contains, however, and its numerous translations, will make it welcome, we imagine, to a good many

readers. The editor and the writer between them might surely have managed to avoid four misprints in a short German quotation (see p. 36).

FLORENCE LETTER.

Florence: July, 1878.

An interesting literary history might be made of the Italian poets who have clad their ideas in the various dialects of their native land. The best-known are of course Meli, the Sicilian, and Porta, the Milanese. The first was a sweet singer of love-songs; the second a satirical poet, who lashed the vices of his time, especially aristocratic vice, in the same fashion—if with a broader touch—as Parini in his pure Italian verse. And even now this style of poetry is by no means extinct in Italy. It is not long since the Roman poet Belli produced a volume of verse in Roman dialect, full of witty satire on the doings of the priesthood; and within the last twelvemonth Prof. Gnoli, of Rome, has given us, first in the pages of the *Nuova Antologia*, and afterwards in a separate volume, a collection of inedited poems by the same writer. These compositions, which have achieved considerable popularity here, are nearly all in the sonnet form. It might be thought that Tuscany, whose spoken language is the same as that of the literary world, could have no writers of this description. Nevertheless, both as regards pronunciation and modes of speech, real though subtle differences divide the language of the common people throughout Tuscany—nay, even in Florence itself—from that employed in literature.

As a proof of this, I may mention that the vivacious farces of Battista Zannoni, a playwright who flourished at the beginning of this century, still keep the stage in the popular Florentine theatres, and still command the interest of their audience. Another proof was afforded to us a few years ago by the *Sonetti Pisani* of Renato Fucini, better known by his *nom de plume* of Neri Tafucio. These sonnets were satires on the manners of the day and parodies of events occurring during the period when the annexation of Tuscany to Piedmont, with the consequent changes of laws and customs, gave rise to all sorts of comical blunders. The volume had a tremendous success, though naturally, as a burlesque description of a transitory state of things, it could not secure any lasting fame to its author. Since then, Signor Fucini has given the public some charming sketches of rural life in Tuscany, in pure Italian prose, and, encouraged by the favour accorded to them, has recently published a more important work, entitled *Napoli a occhio nudo* (Florence: Lemonnier).

It cannot be denied that, as a theme for mere scenic description, Naples has been pretty well exhausted; yet practically very little is known about Naples, even by Italians, and the two works of totally different character now lying before me show us for the first time the actual Naples, the real Neapolitan as distinct from the stage puppets usually dangled before our eyes. One of these books, then, is Signor Fucini's *Napoli a occhio nudo*, the other, *La Miseria in Napoli* (Florence: Lemonnier), by M^{me}. White Mario, which has already been announced in these columns. As a *lever de rideau* may precede a tragedy, it is perhaps best to begin with the lighter of the two. Signor Fucini's volume, at first sight, seems almost to be traced upon the old lines, for it opens with a graphic description of the street life of the noisiest and liveliest of Italian cities, but it is interesting to note that Naples impresses Italians no less strongly than foreigners, and exercises upon them the same mixture of fascination and repulsion experienced by travellers from other countries. To Signor Fucini the effect of Naples resembles the alternations of light and darkness produced by rapidly blinking the eyes. Everywhere are the sharpest contrasts in closest juxtaposition. Riches and poverty, fashion and filth, smiles and starvation, flowers and

frying-pans, melody and discord, greet his eyes and ears at every step. He is no less struck than an Englishman would be at the primitive fashion in which the inhabitants of the mephitic dens that are Naples' shame turn out into the streets, and carry on the concerns of daily life in the open air. He writes of all these things with an "ingenious arrangement of epitaphs," and, after dwelling on the well-known feats of Neapolitan drivers, and the extraordinary uses to which domestic animals are put, he winds up his description with the remark that no one but himself seemed to notice the oddity of these sights, "which was not, perhaps, surprising in a city where you find mineral waters and Turkish fezes, crucifixes and sweet-olives, ready-made miracles and portraits without heads, exposed for sale on the same counter."

But Signor Fucini has the gift of sympathy as well as observation, and just as in his popular Pisan verses his kindly satire on the characteristics and weaknesses of his Tuscan fellow-countrymen amused all and offended none, so there is neither injustice nor arrogance in his vivid picture of the best-abused population in Italy. While dilating on their horrible vices, their lack of decency, their absolute degradation, with a realism that often reminds the reader of Breughel's Dutch pictures, he is equally alive to the domestic affection shown by the poorest of the poor, their charity to one another, their respect for old age, their resignation, their indomitable lightheartedness; and like other writers who have recently studied the condition of the Italian lower classes, he refutes the well-worn calumny concerning the idleness of the Neapolitans. In his chapter on the dwellings of the poor, Signor Fucini introduces us to the lanes and courts, cellars and caves, where not the poorest classes only, but even industrious artisans, herd together in dampness, darkness, and filth, and where rats are the only scavengers. The description of these loathsome dens—which all command comparatively high rents—shows a depth of human misery of which we might vainly seek the counterpart in the worst quarters of London or New York. Groping his way by the light of some lucifers, Signor Fucini found himself amid swarms of men, women and children afflicted with all the ills that are born of dirt and starvation. And yet in these places no one was rude, no one resented his presence. He was warmly thanked for the alms that he gave; there was no sullenness, no sense of degradation, therefore plainly no hope of change. All seemed to bow to the inevitable, to expect nothing but neglect. One old woman laughingly welcomed him to "her palace"; a man jokingly apologised for not opening windows that did not exist. If some readers should be tempted to accuse Signor Fucini of exaggeration, I would refer them to the statistics in the admirable work by M^{me}. White Mario of which I shall presently speak.

A fitting *Finis* to the career of the Neapolitan poor is the method of their burial in the Campo Santo Vecchio. In death, as in life, they are herded together. A bare, paved space enclosed by a wall; three hundred and sixty-five stones covering as many pits, of which one is opened each day for the reception of the dead; a moveable crane, with a metal coffin suspended by a chain. Such is the set-scene, such the properties of the last act of the tragedy! Every evening at half-past six o'clock one of the awful holes is opened; the corpses brought for interment are hauled with indecent roughness from their pauper shells; the priest sprinkles them with holy water, and hurriedly gabbles the prayer for the dead. Then each in its turn is thrown into the box attached to the crane; the bottom of the box gives way on the pressure of a spring, and the body crashes down to join the heap of corruption below. Laughing boys and weeping mourners press to the pit's edge to gaze at the ghastly sight; the creaking of the machine mingles with cries of despair. A crowd of lookers-on eagerly note the number of the dead,

their sex and age, in order to choose lucky numbers for the lottery. Signor Fucini learnt that Friday was considered the best day for hitting on fortunate figures, and that the Campo Santo was frequented by experts who earned their living by suggesting combinations that must infallibly win a *terno*.

But the description of the festival of Montevergine is perhaps the most original portion of this fascinating volume. The abbey of that name on the summit of a peak above Mercogliano, in the province of Avellino, glories in the possession of a Madonna attributed to Saint Luke, and of the arm with which the Saint wielded his brush. Every year, on May 22, pilgrims from Naples and the surrounding country flock to the sanctuary in enormous numbers. The varied incidents of this disorderly pilgrimage, the dense throng of both sexes and all ages, the noise, dirt and confusion, the superstition and the merriment, the long steep climb in the midst of a thunderstorm, the admixture of the grotesque and the horrible, are all painted with exceeding force, and the author dwells lovingly on the single poetic detail that he noted amid the vulgar turmoil of the scene. A quantity of broom-bushes growing near the path and scattered about the hill-side were all tied together two and two. These knots, he was told, were made by engaged lovers as a symbol of their fidelity, and were loosened by them the first time they renewed the pilgrimage after their marriage.

The merits of this book and its abounding charms of style will win the favour of most lovers of Italian literature, but of course to Englishmen it cannot have the graver meaning that it should possess for Italian readers. For to the latter it exhibits another facet of the social question, and gives a graphic exemplification of the saddening truths revealed by M^{me}. White Mario's powerful analysis of the state of the Neapolitan poor. At first sight, indeed, no two books could appear to be more dissimilar; yet in fact both hinge upon the same question, and the best explanation of the ghastly scenes that forced themselves on the attention of the lighthearted young poet is to be found in the pages of M^{me}. White Mario's *La Miseria in Napoli*.

To the latter work it is difficult to do justice in a hasty notice of this kind, the more so as my veneration for the writer's admirable devotedness to the country of her adoption makes it impossible for me to consider it from a purely literary point of view. On this head I will only say that this her first work in the Italian tongue has the merits of a singularly straightforward and vigorous style. It is well known how in past years M^{me}. White Mario rendered excellent service to Italy by her labours in the ambulance during all the Garibaldian campaigns. And now that there are no more battlefields from which to rescue the wounded under fire, her untiring patriotism has urged her to the no less heroic task of personally investigating the misery of Naples. The spirit moving her is well illustrated by the motto prefixed to her volume, "*Res sacra miser*." Generally speaking, Italians are somewhat weary of being lectured by foreigners on their country's shortcomings, but patriots of all shades of political opinion have received this volume with the respect and attention that it merits. Everywhere it has been read and discussed, everywhere reviewed with almost unanimous approbation. For the author, while bringing her British common-sense and practicality to bear upon her subject, backing every argument by careful statistics, and showing what is being done in other countries to cope with the problem of pauperism, has so plainly manifested her love for Italy, her ardour for the well-being of all its sons, that no Italian who has thought on the matter at all has found cause for offence in the plain speech of our straightforward countrywoman. Of course in Naples itself there have been some dissentient voices, chiefly among those who interpret the Biblical sentence, "For the poor always ye have with you," as meaning

that poverty is the natural and fitting lot of the masses. But this was to be expected, for it is precisely that apathy which accounts for the state of things that M^{me}. Mario is striving to bring to an end.

In proof of the philanthropic importance of *La Miseria in Napoli* it will be enough to say that, besides a minute description of the condition of the poor, it includes a statement of the actual position of Neapolitan charitable institutions, and the malversation of their magnificent revenues. Schools and prisons are also passed in review with equal care. The concluding portion is devoted to proposals of reform, a comparison of various systems carried out in England and Germany, and practical suggestions towards the adaptation of such models to Neapolitan requirements.

A fourth and enlarged edition of the *Liriche* of Signor Andrea Maffei (Florence: Lemonnier) has just appeared. This veteran writer has dedicated some fifty years of his life to Italian renderings of foreign poets, starting with Gesner's *Idylls* and ending with Milton's *Paradise Lost*. His version of Faust stands on a level with that of Guerrieri Gonzaga; his transcripts of Goethe's and Schiller's ballads are specially happy, and he has accomplished not unsuccessfully the still more difficult task of giving Shakspeare's *Othello* and *The Tempest* an Italian dress. His collection of original lyrics has many charms. His verse is always facile and harmonious, and if strong chords are wanting to his lyre, he knows the measure of his powers and never twangs roughly on the delicate strings. These poems exhale a gentle melancholy, a faint fragrance as of *pot pourri*, which reminds us that Signor Maffei is one of the old school, and has ever been a faithful disciple of Vincenzo Monti.

The well-known Venetian poet, Prof. Giacomo Zanella, has just published a volume of critical essays and lectures, *Scritti vari* (Florence: Lemonnier), which contains much that is interesting concerning subjects on which the author has earned the right to speak *ex cathedra*. Signor Zanella is somewhat old-fashioned in his views of criticism, refreshingly uncompromising in the expression of his opinions and prejudices. He hates realism, loathes positivism, fiercely resents the introduction of foreign metres and foreign influences into Italian poetry, and has the strongest abhorrence of "*German fogs and phantasmagoria*." Of course he is particularly severe upon Carducci and his school, and repeatedly insists that, whereas science is cosmopolitan, every literature should bear the impress of its own nationality. Nevertheless, his book is pleasant reading, and the delightful paper on the life and writings of Giuseppina Turrisi Colonna introduces us to a young Sicilian poetess of rare promise, who died in 1848, at the early age of twenty-four. Indeed, there is so much fire and force in the excerpts given from her works that, without altogether accepting Signor Zanella's verdict that, had La Turrisi's life been prolonged, her fame would have rivalled that of Leopardi, it is easy to believe that she would have risen to a high place in the hierarchy of song. The author vindicates the literary honour of Italian women, and, in giving a list of poetesses from the thirteenth to the nineteenth century, quotes some *terzine* by a Roman lady of the seventeenth century containing an eloquent protest against the subjection of woman. But perhaps the most important portion of Signor Zanella's volume is the opening essay on the Poetical Art of the *Divine Comedy*, in which he gives a clear exposition of his own special theories.

LINDA VILLARI.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

"THE COURT OF LOVE."

Margate: July 20, 1878.

In reply to Mr. Arnold, I wish first to say a few words as to *The Court of Love*. The case of *The Romaunt of the Rose* is so entirely different that I prefer to consider it separately.

The charge against me of writing in haste is one which I do not care to answer. My works are well known to such as are interested in these matters, and readers can form their own opinion on the matter. In the present case, I think the less said on that score by Mr. Arnold the better, as will, perhaps, presently appear. In any case, that is not the question at issue.

The use of *hem* for *them* was, at first, put forward as a strong argument; and such it would have been had it been a true one. Now that I have exposed it, it is pretended that it was a minor allegation. My contention is that *The Court of Love* is such an imitation of Chaucer's style as was easily produced by some one who had carefully read his works, and had picked up such words as *nightertale*, and *ywis*, and *sith*, and all the rest of them. Of course it contains "Chaucerian" forms, and "Chaucerian" words and phrases. And it would be easy to write a poem now which should contain double the number of such words. The argument is just the very one which was used to prove the authenticity of the Rowley Poems. It was said that, because the Rowley Poems abounded in fifteenth-century words, it was therefore written in the fifteenth century.

The true test in these cases is a philological one, or, to speak more plainly, a grammatical one. Mr. Arnold seems to know nothing about this, and never to have dreamt of applying it. Yet it is not only a safe test, but a convincing one; at least, it will convince all those who are sufficiently acquainted with Chaucer's grammar to see the force of it; and it may easily convince thousands who are the merest tyros if they once have a notion of how to use it, or even what it amounts to. The result is certain, because it appeals to facts. And I may here add that, whatever Dr. Morris's "instinct" may have been at the time of editing the poem, no more severe condemnation of its genuineness has appeared than can be found in the admirable Introduction to his edition of Chaucer's *Prologue* in the Clarendon Press series.

The question is, in short, simply this. Has the imitator of Chaucer succeeded in imitating his rhythm and grammar? The answer is, emphatically *no*. He knows nothing about Chaucerian grammar; he is so glaringly deficient in a knowledge of it that it suffices to point out the fact. There is scarcely any need of proof, except for mere form's sake and for the complete satisfaction of the curious. I should certainly hesitate to apply the name of "true scholar" to anyone whose knowledge of Middle English is insufficient to enable him to follow the argument which I shall now adduce.

This argument I have practically stated already when saying that, in spite of the attempt made to make the poem look antique, "its prosody remains as modern as ever."

My argument requires that I should call attention to the most simple and elementary facts known about Chaucer's language. I cannot help it if the inference to be drawn is that Mr. Arnold has written in his haste.

To make the matter clear I will cite two lines from Chaucer in modern spelling:—

"The tender crops, and the young sun."

"The bright swords went to and fro."

The want of melody in these lines as *they stand* is execrable. The reason is, of course, that *crops* should be *croppes*, in two syllables; and that *young* should be *yonge*, also in two syllables. So also, in the second line, we should have "the brighte swerdes wenten"—three successive dissyllables. These instances are so clear that even a man who is ignorant of Chaucer's grammar can see that there is some good reason for the insertion of the so-called final *e* or *-en*, and for the use of the plural *-es* as a distinct syllable. The ear and the sense of melody help us to correct the lines, and we can even do this without being dependent upon the particular spelling which old editions give us. If an old edition gives us the spelling *young*, we know at once that the said edition is wrong, and that a final *e* should be supplied. Now a knowledge of Middle English gives us *reasons* for all these supplied suffixes. In the case of *yonge*, the adjective takes the final *e* because it is *definite*, being preceded by the definite article *the*. Had it been preceded by a possessive pronoun the result would have been the same; it would still have been definite, and must have taken a final *e*. Now, it is amusing to find that the author of *The Court of Love* was sufficiently acute to pick up the "Chaucerian" suffix *-en*, and he was well aware of the true use of the final *-es*, which sometimes constitutes a syllable even in the *Faerie Queene*. But as to Chaucer's use of the final *e*, he knew nothing. He ought to have used it to mark plural adjectives, definite adjectives, past tenses of weak verbs, past participles of strong verbs (unless *-en* be used instead), and also for numerous other purposes, which are all tabulated by Dr. Morris, and are, if not "well-known to every school-boy," at any rate fairly familiar, to my own knowledge, to a good many who do not pretend to be more than learners. Here, surely, we have a fair test and a safe one. It can be applied by anyone who has but a little patience; and it is quite independent of any assertion of mine. I do not write to convince anyone; I merely point out a process by which anyone, not prejudiced, may settle the matter for himself.

This is "how to do it." Select any passage from the *Canterbury Tales*, of the same length as *The Court of Love*; let it be from a correct edition, if possible; if not, see at any rate *how* the lines can be made to scan, and *why*. Tabulate, in this passage, the number of examples of final *e*, setting down also the grammatical reason for each, according to Morris. It will be found that, whatever passage be selected, a very considerable number of examples occur in which a final *e* is necessary, both for metre and grammar. I have already shown that we need not depend on the spelling of the books.

Next, take *The Court of Love*, and see how many examples it contains in which a final *e* (fully sounded) is necessary both for sense and grammar. I have no copy to refer to now, being away from books, but I remember trying the experiment, and the impression left on my mind is that there are *no such examples whatever*. Even if there be two or three such, that still leaves the language far from "Chaucerian"; and I, for one, decline to swallow, merely because bidden to do so, this gross absurdity of supposing Chaucer, at the time of writing the poem, to have forgotten all that he ever knew about the grammar of the language which he spoke every day. I do not think many critics have seriously considered what a monstrous thing it is which, in this case, we are asked to believe. WALTER W. SKEAT.

P.S. There is another way of applying this test—viz. by reversing it. Try and write out *The Court of Love* in modern English, and you will find that, to a great extent, this can be done *without affecting the metre*. Next try the passage from Chaucer, and observe the difference. This method of applying the test is the easier one for most people.

Since writing the above, Mr. Furnivall has kindly lent me a copy of the poem. I find about three examples of final *e*, but I suspect that in each case the word was meant to end with *-en*. For it is a curious fact that the writer (we can hardly attribute so odd a fancy to the scribe) actually used *en* to represent Chaucer's final *e*, thus producing such false concords as the following—viz.: that thou serven (ut tu serviatis), 290; she me helden (illa me tenerunt), 347; til thou sene (donec tu videatis), 499; thay kepten bene (illi servaverunt sunt, in place of servati sunt), 526, where the correct reading *kept* would spoil the metre; if that I greven (si ego vexemus), 928; I kepten (ego curamus), 684, where again it is impossible to drop the *n*, shewing that the blunder is really the author's; I taken (ego capimus), 1056, again necessary to the metre; she gaven (illa dederunt), 1208, where, however, we might substitute she gaf. Truly, this is excellent Chaucerian grammar! Worst of all, we find thou wot (tu scit), rhyming with the dissyllabic *dotè*, 1045. It is hopeless to explain it away.

Again, to try the one single test of gerundial forms. These always end in *e* or *en* in Chaucer, as shown in my analysis of the metre of the Squire's Tale; but the author of *The Court of Love* knew little of this, as will appear from the following examples, in which the metre shows that the final *e* or *en* is *not sounded at all*, though a consonant follows. To please, 90; to sue, 165; to ask, 166; to draw, 196; to take, 318; to deme, 409; to thynk, 410; to please, 445; to fonne (rhymes with on), 458; to wail, 493; to swere, 515; to prayae, 617; to serve, 640; to dwell, 630; to take, 720; to please, 721; to trete, 966; to behold, 1091. Those best acquainted with Chaucer's grammar will best appreciate the crushing force of these examples.

Take another test. The line in the last stanza but one, "And namely hawthorn brought both page and groom," scans well in modern spelling. But in Chaucerian spelling the line would have *fourteen syllables*—viz.: "And namely hawthorn broughten bothe page and grome." This is very good tailor's measure, but scarcely rhetorical.

I now add some rhymes for the curious to investigate. By the time anyone has succeeded in finding parallel rhymes in Chaucer to them all, he will know a good deal about the matter. A few may be found, but certainly not all. I give the Chaucerian spellings, to show the absurdity of them:—Worthinessè, tretys, 27; describe, hye, 97 (as compared with describe, live, 780); degree, yè (dissyllabic), 132; yèn, line, 135; beheld, weldè, 225; kepe, flete (f), 309; holdè, cokewold (made into the dissyllabic *cocold* by the writer), 408; starè, wher, 421; on, to fonnè, 456; bifel, to tellè, 517; frend, endè, 527; been, engyn, 533; wysè, thryès, 536; eke, lyke, 561;

yferé, fyr, 622; beholdé, gold, 652; lyké, stikké, 673; plaint, talent, 716; acordé, lord, 746; atté lasté, overpast, 771; gladdé, bestad, 844; I blissé, ywis, 862; wel, dwella, 895; offencion, began, 921; eloquence, hennés, 933; saw, felawé, 1030; wot, doté, 1045; frendé, myndé, 1056; nonné, boun (or boune), 1149; behest, besté, 1247; methamorphosos (!), glosé, 1260, cf. 1194; colour, poré, 1273; iset, letté, 1282; I bethoughté, hath sought, 1329; beholdé, told, 1334; I wot, hoté (adverb), 1364; up, suppé, 1387, &c. How is it possible for all these things to be explained away? I am confident that it cannot be done; at any rate, I shall now leave the question to others, and do not intend to discuss it any further.

W. W. S.

THE SUPPOSED TOMB OF ST. LUKE AT EPHESUS.

London, July 30, 1878.

YOUR correspondent, Jean Paul Richter, who writes upon the supposed tomb of St. Luke at Ephesus, overlooks a most important feature of that monument, and which formed the main point in my paper read before the Society of Biblical Archaeology. That it was a Christian shrine is not doubted in that paper, and that it had been dedicated to St. Luke is admitted, but I consider that the evidence given made it clear that the structure was an old Greek tomb which had been converted into a place of Christian worship. The tomb is of that kind known as a *Polyandrium*, such as were erected in public places for those slain in battle, and constructed so as to receive a number of bodies. The monument is circular, and had originally a passage concentric with the outer wall, and part of which is still left,—from this passage there were a number of sepulchral cells which radiated outwards. This construction had been cut into and the small chapel formed, and formed seemingly without any regard to the original arrangement of the monument. Any one by inspecting Mr. Wood's plan, or the very slight sketch-plan which accompanies my paper in the *Transactions of the Society of Biblical Archaeology*, will at once see the want of connexion between the first design and the later Christian alteration. It would be curious, but almost useless to speculate as to how the old Greek tomb came to be thus invaded and converted into a Christian shrine. If I am right in my theory, then the Christian symbols of the Cross and the Bull cannot be "as old as the building itself," which is the statement of your correspondent. One important point which formed part of the discussion on my paper, was in reference to the Bull, which has a hump similar to the Brahminic bull of India. Bulls are common on coins found in that region of Asia Minor, and they are always represented as humped, and are known on this account as the "Indian Bull." The later Christian sculptor copying the older form of this animal illustrates, what is found elsewhere, how an Art-type may survive a change of faith. A more careful plan than any we have yet got of this interesting monument would be of importance—perhaps some visitor to Ephesus may, by reading this, be led to supply what is wanted, and more light may be thrown on the subject.

WILLIAM SIMPSON.

SCHIEBLER'S TONOMETER AT THE OPERA.

London: July 26, 1878.

ON June 18 last I had the pleasure of hearing Flotow's opera, *Martha*, at Her Majesty's Theatre in the Haymarket. The temperature in the stalls was about 70° Fahr. The cast comprised Mme. Trebelli and Mdlle. Marimon. I took with me ten forks from a Scheibler's tonometer, representing different pitches of C from 512 vibrations up to 548, each differing from its neighbours by four vibrations.

It was not difficult, with a certain remembrance of the keys in which the work is written, or even by simple trial, to determine the actual pitch em-

ployed in each movement, and to watch the oscillations on either side of a given standard.

The overture opened to an average C of 520 vibrations. But some of the wind instruments were far below this, especially the first horn in its long and effective solo, which, though well played, lost much in sonorosity. The band rose about four vibrations during the instrumental prelude, or to 524 vibrations.

Immediately the voices joined, a distinctly downward tendency set in. Mme. Trebelli's fine organ seemed to carry with it true intonation, to which the band, though previously sharp, quickly accommodated itself. The same was more marked in the *entrée* of Tristano, who, probably from an education under the *Diapason Normal*, pitched his voice perceptibly below the instruments, and by vigorous use of his sonorous notes, soon brought the accompaniment into unison with him.

Lionello, the tenor, began on a pitch of 524, the clarinet joining him in absolute unison.

The chorus before the reading of the warrant brought the vibration-number down to the original 520; and the Sceriffo, in intoning the said legal document, succeeded in lowering the diapason to a C of 508. This was the only point at which an ear unassisted by fixed standards would probably have noticed the flattening.

Again Mme. Trebelli instantly repaired the depression, some prominent sixths in her part on a powerful bass giving a true and ringing effect such as is never heard with equally tempered instruments.

The first act ended exactly on the initial C of 520.

The second act presented far greater accuracy. The quartett in the cottage before the spinning episode was absolutely correct in pitch and in relative tune.

The "Last Rose of Summer" was taken on a C of 524, occasionally oscillating two beats higher, and rather less below, according to the marks of expression. With the exception of an inclination on the part of the strings, especially double basses, to sharpen, there was no fault to be found. The entrance of the harp with the strings soon corrected this tendency. Indeed, after the soprano and contralto voices, nothing appeared to have so coercive an effect on the general pitch as this comparatively feeble but incisive, and, as it were, almost explosive quality of tone. At the end of this act I was summoned, tonometer and all, to a severe medical case.

Two points, however, seem to stand out prominently.

1. The antagonistic and compensatory action of cultivated voices and experienced orchestral players, and the great fixity of the vocal intonation.

2. The comparatively near approach to French pitch actually attained. Taking 435.9 as the number for A, or the Diapason Normal (Cavaillé-Coll made it 435.875), C in equal temperament would be = 518.35, which is not far from 520, the predominant pitch of the evening during exceptionally high temperature. This is far nearer to the intended pitch than it was a year or two ago.

W. H. STONE.

SCIENCE.

Philosophical Discussions. By Chauncey Wright. With a Biographical Sketch of the Author by Charles Eliot Norton. (New York: Henry Holt & Co., 1877.)

THIS attractive and elegant volume conserves the work of one of the most profound and exact among recent American thinkers. Mr. Chauncey Wright was, his biographer tells us, not widely known even in his own country. He died at an age which is most full of promise of mature work in philosophy. He produced no single considerable

writing, and his literary remains consist exclusively of essays and criticisms written for *American Reviews*. Yet there is much in these papers that distinguishes them from the ordinary run of magazine articles. They are not light essays dashed off with a view to popular effect. They are as unlike as possible the highly stimulating, not to say sensational, effusions which the English public seems to look for under the head of science and philosophy in its favourite magazines. We doubt, indeed, whether there is any general English Review which would care to print such weighty and elaborate essays on abstruse questions of science and philosophy as are here reprinted from *American Reviews*, and their appearance in these publications speaks well for the intellectual tastes of a section of the American public. The subjects are often difficult; the thought is always close and compact; the style is, as Mr. Norton allows, apt to be obscure. Yet the essays are excellent examples of highly-finished scientific studies. They display a wide reach of speculative thought and much delicate critical insight. In some instances they are all but exhaustive of their subject. Even the shorter critical articles have a certain originality. They differ greatly in form from the stereotyped pattern of the English Review. They deal with the larger movements of thought of which the particular works to be criticised are examples, and often rise to the rank of highly suggestive and neatly executed historical studies. We think, then, that the editor has done well to collect and to publish in a more accessible form these occasional papers. They will very probably repel, by their difficulties of thought and style, all but the most patient lovers of speculation; yet to these the perusal of them cannot but prove a bracing intellectual exercise.

It would be impossible within our present limits to go over the varied contents of this goodly volume. Mr. Wright's intellect preferred to dwell in the border-land of science and philosophy. On the scientific side he was a trained mathematician and physicist. He was also an ardent student of modern biology, and was profoundly impressed by the speculations of Mr. Darwin and his followers. On the philosophical side he learned most from J. S. Mill, of whom he gives us, in one of the papers of the volume, an appreciation which is at once sympathetic and exact. He heartily adopted the positive method alike in physical science and psychology, and his chief speculations are very careful attempts to deal with philosophic problems by help of the principles and methods of the positive sciences. He thus occupies in American speculation much the same position as writers like Mr. G. H. Lewes take in our own. Mr. Wright's competence to deal with questions of natural science is well exhibited in the interesting biological speculation on "The Uses and Origin of the Arrangement of Leaves in Plants," as also in the two essays which discuss the objections urged against Mr. Darwin's principle of Natural Selection by Mr. Wallace and Mr. Mivart. In two other essays, entitled "A Physical Theory of the Universe" and "The Philosophy of

Herbert Spencer," the writer indicates what he considers to be the limits of scientific speculation. He follows Aristotle in excluding cosmological problems from science, and has an elaborate criticism of the "Nebular Hypothesis," which he regards as wanting in an adequate inductive basis. Mr. Spencer's attempt to erect the law of organic evolution into the ultimate principle of the universe appears to Mr. Wright as a thoroughly extra-scientific speculation, not supported by facts, and vitiated by those teleological conceptions which underlie all theories respecting the origin and end of things.

"Mr. Spencer's law," he writes, "is founded on examples of which only one class—the facts of embryology—are properly scientific. The others are still debated as to their real character. Theories of society and of the character and origin of social progress, theories on the origins and changes of organic forms, and theories on the origins and the causes of cosmical bodies and their arrangements, are all liable to the taint of teleological and cosmological conceptions—to spring from the order which the mind imposes upon what it imperfectly observes, rather than from that which the objects, were they better known, would supply to the mind" (p. 73).

He goes on to say that not only should the idea of progress "be freed from any reference to human happiness as an end," but science itself should be purified of the idea of progress, "at least until proof of its extent and reality be borne in upon the mind by the irresistible force of a truly scientific induction." Mr. Wright in these criticisms will, we suspect, be thought by most readers hardly to do justice to the scientific basis of Mr. Spencer's speculations; yet such objections, coming from one who was so well trained in scientific research and had so clear an apprehension of logical method, are by no means to be disregarded at a moment when science is a little apt to magnify its office, even perhaps to the verge of immodesty. Of several other interesting essays in the volume there is no room to speak here. It must suffice to select for our remaining consideration the most important original contribution in the work—namely, the article entitled "Evolution of Self-Consciousness."

This essay admirably illustrates the character and limits of Mr. Wright's speculation. He does not concern himself with the question of the genesis in time of mind or consciousness as a whole, nor with the yet more difficult metaphysical problem of the ultimate relation of mind to matter. He deals with human self-consciousness as a phenomenal event only, and enquires by what natural processes it may have arisen out of simpler pre-existing modes of mental action. The consciousness which reflects on itself, and recognises the distinction between the Me and the Not-Me, does not, he thinks, involve any new mental forces or laws. It existed potentially in the pre-existing mental powers or causes, just as the distinct actions of swimming, flying, &c., involve no other mechanical principles than might have been known before the first appearance of these actions. Mr. Wright's particular mode of connecting reflective self-consciousness with more elementary mental operations is somewhat intricate and

not always quite plain. It may, perhaps, be briefly stated as follows: he starts with the conception of mental life as consisting of trains of perceptions, recollections, &c. All perceptions or mental images which carry on the mind to other ideas may be called signs. The animal mind, though possessing memory and the power of attention to a certain degree, is incapable of attending to a mental image which serves only as a sign of some more interesting or impressive idea or image. Such transitory images even tend to drop out of the mental train. When, however, the retentive power reaches a certain height, these significant images persist, and may be recognised as present in the mind, and as mental events which, unlike the more interesting ideas succeeding them, have no objective reference. They thus constitute the distinctively subjective elements of thought, and the consciousness of self in its rudimentary form is simply a reflective apprehension of this class of mental images. Mr. Wright appears to hold that the first recognition of these fugitive mental signs is effected when an external sign (which may be a familiar perception or a sign in the common and narrower sense) distinctly calls up the internal representative image which corresponds to it. In this case

"the outward sign may be consciously recognised as a substitute for the inward one, and a consciousness of simultaneous internal and external suggestion, or significance, might be realised; and the contrast of thoughts and things, at least in their power of suggesting that of which they may be coincident signs, could, for the first time, be perceptible. This would plant the germ of the distinctively human form of self-consciousness."

According to this theory, self-consciousness owes its genesis exclusively to a growth of memory, through which the feebler and more evanescent parts of the train of images become vivid enough to attract attention to themselves. It becomes afterwards developed by reflection on the mind's feelings and volitions, and by the growth of language which serves to mark off the individual from other objects recognised in common; but in its earliest germ it is simply a product of an intensified reproductive power.

Fully to criticise this theory would require too much space. One or two remarks must suffice. We have the heartiest sympathy with Mr. Wright's attempt to connect the higher mental growths with more elementary processes. Yet we think he has rather gone out of his way and looked for a remote and difficult explanation when a near and simple one was to be had. That the theory is somewhat complicated must appear even in our simplified version of it. And it is by no means as convincing as one could wish. For, one asks, even when introspective attention fastens on the representative image, must it not at the same instant recognise the objective reference which belongs to this as to every other image? To take Mr. Wright's example of the name "fox" calling up a mental image of the object which instantly revives more vivid images of hunting, &c., will not the visual image of the animal when once attended to reveal its other representative side, as standing for certain objective impressions? It appears

to us that the difference between subject and object would never disclose itself in the way suggested by Mr. Wright. It is more natural to suppose that this contrast would be much sooner apprehended in the familiar experience of a disappointed expectation, when the external reality contradicts the anticipatory mental image. With sufficient persistence of mental images, and, what is equally important, with an adequate development of combining attention or in other words of relating and comparing thought, such a contradiction might possibly yield a nascent sense of the Ego and the Non-Ego even in a dog's mind. Whether the more intelligent animals do in this way reach a dim consciousness of self may be left an open question. It seems, however, much more probable that the first dawn of self-consciousness would begin with the easy discrimination of the subject's collective personality (body and mind) from other objects and persons; and in this rough form the perception may well be attained by the higher brutes. Yet though we cannot adopt Mr. Wright's rather far-fetched hypothesis, we would welcome it as a very creditable attempt to apply the fruitful method of evolution to one of the most intricate phenomena of the human mind.

JAMES SULLY.

The Theory of Sound. By John William Strutt, Baron Rayleigh, M.A., F.R.S. Vol. II. (Macmillan.)

MANY of the remarks made in the ACADEMY on the first volume of Lord Rayleigh's work are applicable to this second and final volume. It deals mainly with the mathematics of the subject, and carries the account of the questions discussed up to, and in many cases beyond, the limits previously attained. The defective printing of the dotted (fluxional) notation, which was noticed in speaking of the first volume, has been amended; we have not come across any similar misprints in the present one.

The subject of the volume before us is aerial vibrations: sound in air—its inseparable vehicle. Those who are aware of the imperfect condition of our knowledge of the mechanics of fluids will appreciate the importance of a complete exposition of this part of the subject—so far as it is at present understood—by a master hand. For ordinary students of acoustics the book is not suitable, but for those who wish to become acquainted with the higher mathematics of the subject it is simply invaluable.

The discussion of the fundamental equations is conducted in the most general manner, by means of that modern form of analysis with which the names of Green, Gauss, Thomson, and Helmholtz are mainly connected. The mechanical measure of intensity by the flow of energy per unit of time is introduced for the first time in any text-book, though the relation between the mechanical measure and the audible intensities is scarcely sufficiently dealt with. A full account is given of the accurate integration of the fundamental equations. The application to actual facts is treated as unknown; but something more might have been said. For instance, it might

have been said that whereas by the theory a large proportion of the total energy of a loud sound ought to be transformed during transmission to a distance through air, as a matter of fact it is certain that the transformation in question, though always present, is always limited in its effects to small fractions of the energy involved. The possible reasons for the fact are stated, but not the fact itself. Thus a powerful steam hooter preserves exactly the same general quality of tone whether heard close by or a mile off. But if the theory were applicable, it ought to become trumpet-toned at a little distance. It is impossible to enter upon any further detailed discussion. Among the remaining topics are:—Pipes; Reflection* and Refraction; Divergence in two and three dimensions; Theorems of Reciprocity; Secondary Waves due to variation in the medium and to excessive amplitude; Theory of Resonators (on which subject the author contributed his well-known paper to the *Philosophical Transactions*); the application of Laplace's Functions to acoustical problems, including an account of Stokes's famous discussion of Leslie's experiment, in which a bell hung in a receiver is silenced by mixing hydrogen with the air in the receiver; Problem of a Spherical Layer of Air and other problems; Nature of Fluid Friction and Viscosity—Principle of Dynamical Similarity. On some points connected with the theory of resonators we have some remarks to offer which must be reserved for another channel. We have only space to allude to a singular mistake of a trifling character in Stokes's investigation of Leslie's experiment, which seems to have escaped all readers. At p. 212, last paragraph, the pitch of the note considered is said to be an octave above middle c of the piano; the number of vibrations is taken at 1,056 per second, and the wave length $\lambda = 12.5$ inches. But these dimensions correspond to a note two octaves above the middle c of the piano. The general explanation is in no way vitiated; but, of course, if the note really was one octave above middle c, and not two, the calculated numbers would not apply to the experiment.

On the whole, this work for the first time places before the reader in a convenient form all that has been done in the higher mathematics of sound, besides adding considerably to that part of the subject as it existed previously. R. H. M. BOSANQUET.

SCIENCE NOTES.

GEOLOGY.

The International Geological Congress at Paris.—In connexion with the Paris Exhibition an International Congress for the discussion of geological subjects will be opened at the Trocadéro on the 29th inst. Meetings will be held daily until September 4, and communications for these meetings may be sent to M. Jannettaz, the General Secretary in Paris. At the close of the conference, members will be invited to a series of geological excursions, extending from September 5 to 13. These excursions will give visitors an opportunity

* We should like to see it spelt *reflexion*, in conformity with the use of physical writers up to recent times; but lately the majority of writers have employed the form in the text, which would formerly have been taken to mean a certain mental process.

of examining all the tertiary deposits of the Paris basin, and also a great part of the cretaceous and the upper portion of the jurassic formations. Several eminent geologists, including Dr. Sterry Hunt, from America, and Dr. Otto Torrell, from Sweden, have already visited this country on their way to Paris, where they will take part in the congress. The rooms and library of the Geological Society of France, in the Rue des Grands-Augustins, will be placed at the disposal of visitors attending the conferences.

The Geological Society's Journal.—The August number of the *Quarterly Journal* of the Geological Society of London has just appeared, and will be in the hands of Fellows in the course of a few days. It opens with a posthumous paper on "The Mode of Occurrence of Gold in Australia," by Mr. Daintree, to whose death reference was recently made in these columns. Where all the matter is so good, it would be hardly fair to pick out papers for special mention. But we may remark that a chromo-lithographic plate embellishes the valuable paper which Mr. J. Arthur Phillips has contributed on "The Greenstones of Central and Eastern Cornwall." And we can hardly help referring to the paper on "Arctic Geology," by Captain Feilden and Mr. De Rance, with the valuable palaeontological supplement by Mr. Etheridge. Nor should we overlook the essay on "Gibraltar," contributed jointly by Prof. Ramsay and Mr. James Geikie. Attention should also be called to Prof. Judd's important memoir on "The Geological Structure of the Western Coast of Scotland and the neighbouring Islands." Most of these papers have been already summarised in our Geological Notes, but the student will be glad to learn that the papers themselves may now be read *in extenso*.

New Geological Map of London.—Some years ago Mr. J. B. Jordan, of the Mining Record Office, compiled for Mr. Stanford a small geological map of London and the surrounding country. Quite recently a similar work, of a much more ambitious character, has been undertaken by the same publisher. Mr. Stanford's library map of London, on the large scale of six inches to the mile, has in fact been coloured geologically by Mr. Jordan. In this work he has taken advantage of the most recent geological researches, especially those of our National Survey, and has thus prepared a valuable guide to those who need information on the character of the ground in any part of the metropolitan area. In such an area it is of course necessary to show the superficial deposits wherever these conceal the underlying solid formations. The map is necessarily large, since it includes an area which stretches from Finchley on the north to Mitcham on the south, and from Blackheath on the east to Putney on the west. Those who have studied the large geological model of London, which forms so conspicuous an object on the principal floor of the Museum of Practical Geology, will be glad to possess a map on the same scale, with similar geological lines laid down upon it. The map may be advantageously consulted in connexion with Mr. Whitaker's excellent *Guide to the Geology of London*, a small work, which is unquestionably the best shilling's worth ever issued by the Geological Survey.

Geology of Wisconsin.—In the year 1873 provision was made for a complete geological survey of this State; but at the same time it was provided that the entire survey should be completed within four years. Dr. Lapham, who had charge of the work, presented two annual reports; and on his death the survey was placed under the charge of Dr. Wight, from whom also a report was received. Curiously enough none of these reports ever saw the light of day. In 1876 the work was handed over to Prof. Chamberlain, who has recently issued a thick octavo volume in which he has not only printed the reports of his predecessors, but has added much original matter from the researches of himself and his colleagues. This is

nominal the second volume, though published first in order of time. It is intended, indeed, that the first volume shall contain certain general conclusions which it is impossible to reach until the survey is completed. The present volume is illustrated by numerous maps, sections, figures, and tinted views; and its preparation attests the energy of the director of the survey and his staff.

Fossil Botany in India.—An elaborate paper, discussing the palaeontological relations of the Gondwana system, or plant-bearing series of India, has been communicated by Mr. W. T. Blanford to a recent number of the *Records* of the Geological Survey of India. This continues the controversy with Dr. Feistmantel as to the correlation of these beds with European strata. Mr. Blanford objects to Feistmantel's attempt to make all the Indian groups fit neatly into the established grooves in European classification, and he holds that it is much more philosophical to abstain from any attempt at exact correlation. This is, indeed, the plan which has hitherto been generally followed by cautious members of the Survey. With reference to the value of fossil botany in such cases as that under discussion, we are reminded that the great botanist, Alphonse de Candolle, has himself recently confessed that any attempt to determine geological epochs in countries remote from Europe by means of fossil plants can only lead to grave error.

West Yorkshire: an Account of its Geology, Physical Geography, Climatology, and Botany. By James W. Davis, F.G.S., &c., and F. Arnold Lees, F.L.S., &c. (L. Reeve and Co.) "West Yorkshire" is the phrase which the authors of this work employ to designate that district which is usually known as the West Riding of Yorkshire—a district of more than 2,700 square miles in area, and embracing such important industrial centres as Leeds and Bradford, Halifax and Sheffield. This area has been diligently explored by two local naturalists—one of whom inclines to the side of geology, the other rather to that of botany—and the results of their study are presented in the present work. Such a work is, by necessity, in very large measure a mere compilation; but still a good compilation on the natural history of a district is always acceptable. The first part of the work, running to about 230 pages, deals with the geology of the country, and is entirely due to Mr. Davis, the Hon. Sec. of the Yorkshire Geological Society. The strata, which exhibit considerable diversity in different parts of so wide an area, are described in ascending order; and a separate chapter is devoted to each formation. This division of the work is illustrated by an admirable geological map on the scale of four inches to a mile. By one of those curious oversights which often occur at the last moment in sending a book to press, the divisions of the Silurian system in the legend of reference attached to the map have unfortunately become transposed. The second part of the volume is occupied with the physical geography and botanical topography of the country. This part is the joint work of the two authors, and is written in a much pleasanter style than that of the first part. The botanical portion is illustrated by a coloured map showing the drainage districts which correspond with the botanical divisions employed in the work. A second volume is promised on the Climatology and on the Flora of West Yorkshire. The volume before us is of considerable value as a work of reference on its specific subjects, and reflects much credit on the industry and skill of its authors.

METEOROLOGY.

The New French Meteorological System.—We have at last received the official announcement, dated May 14, of the creation of the new "Bureau Central Météorologique," quite independent of the observatory. The arrangements are very complete, and we must only wish the plan every

success. The scheme has already been noticed in *Nature*, but no official announcement of his appointment has been made by M. Mascart until quite recently.

Agricultural and Sanitary Meteorology.—The Meteorological Office has begun the half year with a great development of its new weekly weather report. This not only gives the extreme and mean temperatures and the rainfall for the week for the different stations, with their differences from the averages for the past ten years, but also contains a summary of the weather day by day, illustrated by two small charts. This report is only procurable from Stanford or Potter, and the subscription for it, post free, is 12s. 6d. per annum.

Agricultural Warnings in Saxony.—We have received from Prof. Bruhns, in Leipzig, a circular announcing the organisation of a system of agricultural warnings in connexion with the Leipzig Observatory. The signal shapes are drums, of which two are used, and four signals are made thereby. 1. Fine weather. 2. Changeable. 3. Rain. 4. No forecast possible. The signals made depend on the height to which each drum is hoisted. At the first outset the system was very successful.

Meteorology in Bavaria.—We hear that at last Bavaria is to have a meteorological organisation of its own. Hitherto the only systems in the country have been the observations at the observatory, Munich, under Prof. von Lamont, and the forest observations in connexion with the school at Aschaffenburg, under Prof. Ebermayer. We hear that Prof. von Bezold is to be the head of the new department, so that now at last the network of European Government systems only requires the adhesion of Greece to render it complete. Turkey has at least had a telegraphic system, Bavaria has long been a blank on the map.

The Grant to the Chief Signal Office at Washington.—We have heard a great deal of late years of various reductions in the votes passed by Congress for meteorology in the United States, but it appears from an appendix to the *Monthly Weather Review* for May, that the grant this year has been increased by 5,000*l*. A speech by Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, is reproduced in the *Review*, and is interesting, as he appears to have been one of the first to appreciate Espy's merits in 1852, and out of Espy's experiments the present system has arisen. When may we hope to hear of a member of Parliament speaking from his own experience of a quarter of a century about the importance to the country of a liberal support to meteorology?

Weather Study in the United States.—Prof. Loomis has published his ninth paper on the results obtained from a discussion of the United States Weather Maps, in *Silliman's Journal* for July. In this he deals chiefly with the areas of high pressure, of which he cites thirty-two instances: all of them occurring during the six winter months, the same period as was marked by the appearance of low pressures. All of these areas of high pressure were first noticed over British Columbia, and advanced slowly over the States, being attended by two areas of low pressure on the east and west side, each at a distance of about 1,200 miles. The high pressure areas were always associated with very low temperature. Prof. Loomis' idea of this connexion between high pressure and great cold is that when a cyclonic area passes off northerly winds set in. They are deflected to the westward on Hadley's principle by the effect of the earth's rotation. This deflection mechanically reduces the pressure within the area of low pressure and augments it in the anticyclone, and the cold is due to the fact that the northerly wind comes from very cold regions. He admits that this explanation will not account for the persistence of the high pressure areas in one place, and for this he supposes that the supply of air comes from

above from the adjacent cyclonic systems, and he supports his view by a series of upper cloud observations.

THOMAS OLDHAM, LL.D., F.R.S.

IN the course of another fortnight the British Association will have assembled in the city of Dublin, and the various sections will be sitting daily in the rooms of Trinity College. Among the Irish geologists, however, we shall miss one well-known form whose genial presence would have been peculiarly welcome at such a time. Those who met Mr. Oldham last year at the Plymouth meeting, looked forward to seeing him in a prominent position at the Dublin gathering. Dublin was indeed his birthplace; in Trinity College he was educated, and there too he held at one time the Chair of Engineering and afterwards that of Geology; it was the University of Dublin which conferred upon him in later life its degree of LL.D.; and it was in working out the geological structure of Ireland that he spent some of the best years of his life.

Mr. Oldham's life was divided into two distinct periods—the one spent in Ireland, the other in India. At the age of twenty-three he was attached, as geologist, to the Ordnance Survey of Ireland, and soon became a valuable assistant to Colonel Portlock. When a distinct Geological Survey was established in Ireland, Mr. Oldham served under Captain James, who had been appointed director, and on Captain James's resignation in 1846, he was advanced to the directorate, a position which he held until his removal to India, when he was succeeded by the late Prof. Jukes.

It was in 1851 that Mr. Oldham arrived in India, and began that great work with which his name will always be so intimately connected. In a word, he created the Geological Survey of India. It is true that before his time a mineral district here and there had been occasionally examined and described, but nothing like systematic exploration had been attempted. Bringing to bear upon his work the great experience which he had gained while guiding the Irish Survey, and drawing around him a well-selected staff, he commenced the task of conducting a Geological Survey under the difficulties incident to field work in India. Nor were his labours confined to the field. As Superintendent of the Survey he edited the valuable series of *Memoirs and Records*, including the fine work entitled *Palaeontologica Indica*. To some of these publications he was himself a large contributor.

It is not, however, merely as Superintendent of the Geological Survey of India that Mr. Oldham will be remembered. Just as a large museum is associated with the Survey in this country, so a similar museum grew up with the Indian Survey, and of this institution Mr. Oldham became director. As far back as 1840 a Museum of Economic Geology for India had been established in connexion with the Asiatic Society of Bengal, under the superintendence of Mr. Piddington. This institution was afterwards enlarged, and being placed under the charge of the Survey, occupied much of Mr. Oldham's attention.

After labouring in India for five-and-twenty years, Mr. Oldham was led by failing health to resign his appointment, and was succeeded by one of his former assistants, Mr. Medlicott. Just before this event the Royal Society had expressed their appreciation of his services by the award of their Royal medal. Two years ago he quitted India; but he was not long permitted to enjoy the rest which he had so well earned. Disease contracted during a quarter of a century of Indian life has at last done its work, and Mr. Oldham is taken from us at the age of sixty-two.

F. W. RUDLER.

MR. HENRY BLOCHMANN.

ORIENTAL literature has sustained an irreparable loss by the death of Mr. H. Blochmann, Principal of the Mahomedan College at Calcutta, and for many years the active Secretary of the Asiatic Society of Bengal. Cut off at the early age of forty, ere he had attained the full maturity of his powers, he has left behind him a rich store of early gathered fruit, the earnest of an abundant harvest never to be garnered. Mr. Blochmann's acquirements in Arabic and Persian, and the accuracy and soundness of his knowledge, marked him out for a teacher. In early life he was appointed to a subordinate position in the college of which he died the chief. In this office he had peculiar opportunities of extending his knowledge, and he was indefatigable in turning them to account. He enjoyed the society of learned Muslims, and the stores of public and private libraries were at his command. They were well used. Few men had a more intimate acquaintance with Mahomedan life, and none surpassed him in his knowledge of Arabic and Persian MSS. A living catalogue, it was seldom that an inquiry about books was addressed to him in vain. The pages of the *Journal* of the Asiatic Society of Bengal attest the activity and diversity of his researches. Literature and lexicography, coins and inscriptions, in turn engaged his attention. But two subjects he made peculiarly his own—Persian Prosody, the difficulties and mysteries of which he has done much to unravel; and the life and reign of the great Emperor Akbar. The translation of the *Ain-i-Akbari*, the Institutes of Akbar, is Blochmann's *magnum opus*, and on this his reputation will mainly rest. He has published a large portion of the Persian text, but unhappily only one volume of the translation has appeared. It is greatly to be hoped that the MS. of the remainder is in a forward state of preparation, for who would venture to take up the pen which his hand has dropped? The translation of a Persian book into English may not seem a great and arduous work to those who have no knowledge of the original text. But this book deals with intricate and technical subjects, and is written in a style which native writers consider as abstruse and difficult. With all his knowledge and with the great sources of information at his command, there are passages which Mr. Blochmann could not interpret, and he has shown the manliness and honesty of the true scholar in saying so. In this translation he has inserted a series of memoirs of the great men of the days of Akbar, a peerage in fact of the Moghul Empire, comprising more than four hundred names. This was entirely his own compilation, and it supplies a most interesting and instructive series of pictures of the life and manners of the time. To his many other accomplishments he added a good English style, such as few foreigners acquire. The literary friends of Mr. Blochmann mourn the loss of one who was ever ready to give himself trouble to assist them, to point out errors with kindness, and to give his hearty ungrudging commendation to what he considered good work.

JOHN DOWSON.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—(Wednesday, July 3.)

H. W. BATES, Esq., F.L.S., F.Z.S., President, in the Chair. Mr. Pascoe exhibited a number of insects he had collected during a recent tour through Algeria and the south of Spain; with these there was a remarkable Myriopod, having the cylindrical body of the *Julidae*, but with only one pair of legs to each somite.—Mr. Boyd drew attention to the food-plant of *Eluchieta cerusella*. This insect had always been considered to feed on the leaves of *Arundo phragmites*, which Mr. Boyd doubted, as he had lately found the larva feeding on *Phalaris arundinacea*, a grass which somewhat resembled the other plant before the flowers appear.—Mr. Distant exhibited some specimens of the Homopteron *Ricania Australis*, Walk., which had been sent him for identification

through Dr. Sharp, from Mr. Lawson, of Auckland, New Zealand, where the species had been observed last year on the Dahlia for the first time. These New Zealand forms were, however, much darker in colour than Australian specimens, and hence had probably been introduced for some time.—Mr. Jenner Weir exhibited two specimens of *Leucania turca*, with several pollinia of *Habenaria bifolia* attached to the trunk of each, and which was only observed in these two instances out of fifty specimens examined. Mr. Weir also exhibited an interesting variety of *Hipparchia hyperanthus*.—Prof. Westwood remarked on a recent note in *Nature*, vol. xvii., p. 226, referring to observations made by Dr. A. S. Packard on the manner in which Lepidoptera escape from their cocoons, and stated that similar observations had been previously made and recorded by Captain Hutton (*Trans. Ent. Soc.*, 1st ser., vol. v., p. 85). Prof. Westwood also stated that he had recently heard of injuries done to potato crops by *Cetonia aurata*, which had been found stripping the leaves, and a lepidopterous larva (probably a species of *Botys*), which bored into the stem.—Mr. Dunning read a "Note on Spiders resembling Flowers."—The Secretary read a note from Mr. J. Haselden relating to the habits of the honey bee (*Apis fasciata*?) in Egypt.—Mr. Waterhouse communicated a paper on "New Coleoptera from Australia and Tasmania in the Collection of the British Museum."

FINE ART.

Anatomy for Artists. By John Marshall, F.R.S., F.R.C.S. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

A KNOWLEDGE of the nude is considered to be essential to the painter who aspires to represent correctly even a fully-draped figure; because unless the painter has that feeling for the construction and form of parts covered by drapery which knowledge of the figure only gives, his figures are likely to resemble blocks to hang clothes upon. If this be true concerning draped figures, it is evident that an artist who paints the nude, or partially nude, figure should thoroughly understand the construction and movements of parts beneath the skin. He ought, therefore, to possess such a knowledge of the anatomy of the bones and muscles as would enable him to determine the exact origin and course of any of the superficial muscles, in repose or action, and the attachment and relation of these to the bones. If the artist has not this knowledge, there is, of necessity, feebleness in his work, arising from uncertainty in his own mind, and this is almost sure to be associated with error.

Too often on our exhibition walls are to be seen canvases which pretend to represent portraits of ladies and gentlemen; or subjects in which figures are engaged in some of the various occupations or scenes of life; but they convey to the mind the idea that the clothes are tenantless. So, again, we see nude or partially nude figures in pictures, whose limbs—even if they are properly placed—have no bones (we do not refer to certain pictures in the present exhibition of the Royal Academy; but to pictures which may be seen in every exhibition). Not only have they no bones, but they have no appearance of vitality; they are mere lay figures.

This state of things is of common occurrence, and must be due to some general cause—most probably to that want of thorough training in the elements of art which prevails in this country. English art-students are ambitious of painting and exhibiting before they can draw fairly well,

and, in the hurry to appear before the public, such a study as anatomy, which demands for its successful cultivation long and continuous application, is almost sure to be neglected.

We venture to think that a student who is desirous of becoming a figure-painter ought to allow himself three years' study of anatomy and drawing from the antique. The anatomy should be studied by dissection—careful and searching—of every part of the body, and by making drawings of the parts as they are dissected, in various positions and from various points of view, and by comparing everything with the appearances seen in the living body. The drawing from the antique ought to be by good expressive outline, and not by the usual mode of "stippling," which does not deserve the name of drawing.

Anatomy is not a study that can be taken up lightly, and got over easily, by attending a course or two of lectures; it should be taken up earnestly, with the scalpel in one hand, a good book on dissection in the other, and the skeleton close by, to refer to constantly. The course of anatomical study for artists need not be the same as that usually laid down for medical men; these require to examine for themselves in the dead body, and to be able to describe from memory, not only the cranium, thorax, and abdomen, with their contents, but the origin, course, and relation of every nerve and artery in the body, as well as every bone, ligament, and muscle; it is these last only which demand the artist's study; and, since diligent students in medicine can in two years acquire a sufficient amount of anatomical knowledge to enable them to become good practitioners, it is fair to expect that diligent study by an artist for a like period would make him also an able anatomist.

Mere dissection alone would not suffice; for artistic purposes the student should study the living model and the antique, and these three departments should be studied simultaneously. It has happened occasionally that an artist has displayed in his works an affectation of anatomy, making a display of his anatomical knowledge; but the study of the antique, which should accompany the study of anatomy, would tend to keep the student's taste correct, pure, and free from exaggeration or affectation. We believe that any man of talent who would take this trouble, and adopt the course we have been indicating, would reap a rich reward; he would acquire such a knowledge of the human form, and such power of drawing, as very few modern painters possess.

Recognising as we do the extreme importance of thorough anatomical study to the artist, we welcome most heartily Mr. Marshall's *Anatomy for Artists*, a book which is evidently the result of years of observation and study of the subject; it is thoughtfully and carefully written, and will prove a most valuable addition to the literature of art. We expect to find it take its place side by side with Bell's *Anatomy of Expression* in the library of every artist.

Mr. Marshall fitly introduces his subject with an interesting comparison of man with animals in his construction and outward

form. Then follows an enquiry into the history of anatomical study. He considers it "open to doubt whether the Egyptians ever prosecuted regular dissections, beyond such as they performed in the art of embalming both animals and men. . . . In the execution of their sedate and emotionless images or statues, they evinced no more acquaintance with structural form than could easily have been obtained from the study of the living types around them, or from the examination of their embalmed and withered dead."

Although there is an absence of direct proof that human anatomy was studied in a practical manner by the Greeks, we can scarcely avoid the conclusion that they dissected human bodies; but their chief and exceptional means of education lay in this—that

"the living figure they could constantly observe at all periods of life, and especially in its noblest forms of youth and early manhood; draped, partially draped, and even nude; in public processions, in dramatic performances, in military exercises with spear and sword, and in the civil contests of boxers, quoit-throwers, and charioteers."

The modern history of anatomy may be considered to date from the beginning of the fourteenth century, human dissections being regularly practised by Mondini of Bologna (1315). With the invention, a hundred years later, of engraving on wood and printing, an impetus was given to this as to other branches of knowledge; the results of the study were recorded and diffused. Artists and anatomists soon became intimately associated in their lives and labours. During the succeeding centuries much time and talent has been expended in the study of anatomy applied to art. According to the *History of Anatomical Illustrations*, by Dr. Ludwig Choulant, the number of published works devoted especially to art-anatomy is sixty-two, ranging in date of publication from 1585 to 1850.

The mutual connexion between anatomy and the art of design is well illustrated in the examples met with of cordial co-operation and personal friendship between contemporary workers in science and art. Such relations existed—Mr. Marshall reminds us—between Della Torre and Leonardo da Vinci, Colombo and Michelangelo, Da Carpi and Benvenuto Cellini, Vesalius and Titian and Calcar, Cheselden and Vanderghucht, &c.

"So far as art-anatomy is concerned, the most remarkable and satisfactory works of each epoch have been those in the production of which artists and anatomists, of equally great reputation, have been jointly concerned; or else the artist and anatomist have met in the same person, the artist himself having dissected, or the anatomist having been his own draughtsman."

Mr. Marshall divides his work into three parts—the Bones, the Joints, and the Muscles. He introduces Osteology with a description of the skeleton generally, and compares the skeleton of man with those of some of the lower animals; he considers the influence of the skeleton on the general and local forms, and points out the perfection of form in man, and of form adapted to purpose. He says:—

"A finely-formed, perfect, and well-prepared human skeleton is, indeed, an object of great intrinsic beauty; it is the best example of what might truly be called 'still-life,' and its careful representation is one of the best exercises for the pencil of a youthful draughtsman."

Before describing each bone separately, the author gives a kind of descriptive catalogue of the bones. The derivation of the name of every bone is, very properly, given, and throughout the book the same plan has been adhered to. Mr. Marshall has not followed the usual course in describing the bones; he begins with the foot instead of the head or spinal column, and he has good reason for adopting this method. One suggestion he makes might be more strongly insisted on: it is, that the descriptions should be read with the bones themselves; clear as these descriptions are, they would lose much of their effect if read without the skeleton. The illustrations are admirable; with these, and the bones to refer to, the reader will thoroughly comprehend the text. After each bone of the foot has been minutely described, with its relations, the foot as a whole is next considered, and the surface forms depending on the bones of the foot.

In the same manner the other parts forming the lower extremity, and, in fact, all parts of the skeleton, are treated—a full and minute description of each bone being followed by its surface relations, its physiological bearings, and the mechanical purposes served by it. The author has devoted about 200 pages to this portion of his work, and his great experience as an art-anatomist confers a special value on the numerous passages in which he treats of the surface-forms dependent on the bony parts beneath; all these passages are deserving of most careful attention, and might be profitably studied not only by artists, but by students in medicine.

Having described every bone individually, Mr. Marshall devotes his attention to a consideration of the skeleton generally, and compares the male with the female, pointing out how admirably each is adapted to the purposes it has to fulfil. He concludes this section with a graphic description of the effects of age.

"As old age comes on, the male and female skeletons once more approach in character. . . . In both sexes all the bones progressively waste; the necks of the thigh bones become shorter and more nearly at a right angle with the shaft; the heads of those bones become smaller; the lower limbs are bent at the ankle, knee and hip, and the pelvis becomes tilted forwards by the now feebly-supported super-incumbent weight; while the several components of the vertebral column—the ribs and the sternum, the clavicles and the scapulae—become adapted to the stooping position of the back and shoulders. In all these changes the individual bones participate, especially their articular extremities and surfaces. The neck becomes inclined forwards, and the cranium and face drop upon the neck. The teeth falling out, the alveolar borders of the jaws are absorbed, the alveoli disappear, and a thin firm margin of bone alone remains. The tuberosity of the upper jaw wastes, and the ramus of the lower jaw becomes oblique, and its angle very obtuse; the convex profile line of the front of the superior maxillary bone, and the vertical contours of the front of the lower jaw, now each incline backwards to the other, so that the mouth recedes, while the chin becomes slanting and approaches more closely to the nose. The depth of the lower part of the face is thus diminished, as in the infantile face. All the osseous forms, however, instead of being concealed and rounded, become angular and more plainly revealed beneath the surface in the aged and decrepit frame."

We have quoted this passage at length as a fair specimen of Mr. Marshall's physiological descriptions, which occur wherever there is need or opportunity for them, not only in this, but also in the other sections. The bony framework having been thoroughly described, the joints are treated in a similarly careful manner. The illustrations in this section are among the best in the book: we would specially direct attention to those of the knee-joint at page 217, and of the elbow at page 236.

The last two hundred pages are devoted to the third section, in which the structure and mode of action of the various muscles are described. A page full of illustrations of various forms of muscles occurs at page 258. The changes of form in a muscle or limb in action are clearly shown on page 262. The biceps of the arm is drawn relaxed, moderately contracted, and powerfully contracted; these states are fully described in the text, and certain rules, deducible from the action of this muscle (which is easy of observation), are laid down concerning muscular action generally. The condition of the muscles after death, as well as in life, ought to be familiar to the artist, for it sometimes devolves upon him to represent a body immediately after death. If he wishes to be accurate, he should study Mr. Marshall's description of the changes which occur after death (pp. 266, 267). The truth of this passage will be recognised by all who are accustomed to witness these changes. Actors as well as artists might study this part with advantage. They would not then allow themselves to be carried rigid off the stage, as they usually do, immediately after imitating death; the "rigor mortis," as Mr. Marshall points out, does *not* occur at once; but after an interval which varies from ten minutes to seven hours after death.

The muscular system is described in the same order as the bony; and the muscles are divided into groups according to their action. Each muscle is individually described, not only as to its origin, course, relations and insertion; but as to its action also under varying conditions. The woodcuts of this portion are very numerous and precise, and the plan adopted to secure accuracy is excellent. An outline of the part or region concerned was first designed *from life*, then, before the dead body was dissected, it was placed in the same position; the dissection was then carried out, and the several parts drawn from the dissection so made. This plan might be advantageously followed by art-students.

Anatomy for Artists is a handsome volume printed on toned paper, with sufficient margin to allow of notes or sketches being made on each page. The illustrations, 200 in number, are original, well drawn, and carefully engraved. The index to such a book might be much more copious; but the book altogether is admirable, and we trust it will meet with all the attention it deserves.*

ARTHUR EVERSHED.

* While writing on this subject, we may draw attention to a little handbook by W. J. Muckley, *The Student's Manual of Artistic Anatomy* (Baillière), which is likely to be useful to students when drawing from the antique or life.

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, PARIS, 1878.

(Sixth and Concluding Notice.)

THE landscapes of Mr. Millais tell strongly in the English section, and his work approaches more nearly the character of that produced by the modern French school than that of any other exhibitor. He shows the same remarkable power of realistic portraiture, and the same indifference as to whether what he chooses to paint will or will not furnish the elements necessary to a picture, which now gives to the Salon the air of being an exhibition of first-rate out-of-door studies and memoranda; examples of dexterous handicraft, of sharp observation, but lacking in that evidence of taste and thought which was once considered equally needful in a work of art.

Corot already shows like a vision of things past; he leaves but one pupil, La Vielle, whose finest works, *L'Aurore* and *La Crépuscule*, have something of the delicate romantic charm proper to his master, and the like of which belongs to no modern work. Corot was a dreamer, and that aspect of nature which seems most true and is the most readily apprehended of the practical mind was false and impossible to him. It is told of Napoleon III. that once, on the occasion of the opening of a Salon, he stopped in front of a work by Corot of which there had been much talk. Everyone waited in awed expectation whilst the Emperor stood and looked in silence; at last he turned away with a look of utter bewilderment and said, "I suppose that I have never been up early enough in the morning to understand M. Corot." Certainly no one has ever appreciated the peculiar charm of the moments which precede the day with more exquisite delicacy and truth than Corot, for the very twitter of the waking birds seems to be heard amongst the leaves still wet with the dews of the dawn. The aspects of morning and evening were richer than the hours of the day in the suggestion of the class of motives which excited the play of his fancy; *Plaisirs du Soir—danse antique*, and *Biblis*, which are perhaps the two finest examples of his work in the present exhibition, both represent moments after the setting of the sun. The light of common day would scare away the delicate shapes which emerge from the forest and hurry across the open in haste to reach their wounded companion *Biblis* who lies dying in the shades. Once, in a scene of broad daylight, in the early picture, *Fontainebleau*, exhibited a year back in the Rue Rochechouart, Corot introduced a nymph who lay reading by the side of a brook, and this figure gave a "stagey" and unreal look to the whole painting. It is only when the dews of evening or of dawn are falling that these creatures of fancy can be seen; when the sun has past and left but a crimson glory on the skies, emboldened by the veil of falling shadows they issue forth and dance, as Corot saw them dancing and rejoicing when he painted *Plaisirs du Soir*. The sun has set, and in the feathery foliage of the branches outspread overhead, the birds whom Corot loved have gone to rest; all is still except the fair beings who flit to and fro in these happy shades. The forest glade where *Biblis* lies is sunk in the even deeper quiet of a later hour, the light branches of the trees show against a twilight sky of marvellous brilliancy and beauty, and the growth of the under-wood has the same exceeding grace and feathery character that always distinguishes the leafage of that class of trees which M. Corot specially preferred to paint. To some one who once deprecated his constant choice, and complained of want of mass and luxuriance, he replied, "But I must leave room for the birds to fly through the branches." I think that the masterly way in which Corot always contrived to convey the impression of air penetrating every portion of the space represented, owed much to his careful avoidance of anything like solidly-defined mass, such as those in which Daubigny and Harpignies delight.

There is, perhaps, no living master of the French

school whose work is more thorough, and has more powerful quality than that of Harpignies. His water-colour studies are even more remarkable than his oil paintings for the wonderful precision, perfection, and simplicity of their execution. M. Bernier's *Ferme en Cannalec*, with its cattle and horses solemnly marching to the homestead in the deepening evening; M. Pelouse's *Une Coupe de Bois à Sentisse*, and his *Les Prairies de Lesdormini près de Pontaven*; *le Matin*, are also remarkable for fine workmanship. But neither of these two painters, able as they are, has quite what I should call the large way of looking at things which seems proper to M. Harpignies, and which gives to the smallest sketch by his hand an air of grandeur and importance.

This large character, both of conception and execution, distinguishes in a high degree all the work of Van Marcke, Troyon's most able pupil. *La Forêt* is a masterly work, full of life and light. The painting of the cows who stand in the foreground is of admirable quality, the sky is superb, the broad flakes of green shade and clear water are laid with what seems a natural sense of right; so serious, so simple, so perfect is the whole effect. It is evident at once that the "impression" possesses that great unity which is an essential characteristic of reality.

There is very little work of this quality to be seen in other sections of the Exhibition. Munthe, who exhibits in the Norwegian section, but who belongs to the Düsseldorf school, has a vast coast scene in snow, the figures of which are hardly up to the mark, although the *mise en scène* is clever and the local tone and values are felt remarkably well. Something broad and solid in treatment also distinguishes the work of Mesdag, who contributes three considerable sea-pieces in the Flemish section. The best of these represents the *Bateau de sauvetage de Scheveningue sortant pour porter assistance à l'équipage du bâtiment anglais le Hopewell*. The water is really water, and transparent, and there is a sombre roll about the waves and sky which M. Mesdag has rendered impressive. *Sur la Plage*, by Maris, is also noticeable. The vessel which is the subject of the picture is all but stranded in shallow water, and stands dark and motionless against a clear sky very luminous in tone, full of light without sun. The freshness of the painting is also agreeable, and this same quality is noticeable in the works of M. Gabriel, who is already well known in Paris, but I do not think he has ever sent us anything quite so good as his *Matinée, vue prise dans les polders de la Hollande, or Un temps de bourrasque, vue prise dans les environs de la Haye*.

In treatment of landscape the section of United Germany shows very little enterprise: with Achenbach we have long been familiar, and there still seem to be few exceptions to his influence. Schonleben has a little old-fashioned-looking subject of a windmill perched on an eminence above a river, upon which a boat is lazily sailing under a grey windy sky. It is not a striking work, but makes a good effect because it has that sentiment of what constitutes a picture, in which the English have always been defective, and which indeed now seems to be fast disappearing from the work of other nations. Werner, too, shows a distinct vein of observation and power of rendering brilliant light and air, but Schennis seems, in spite of what looks like a considerable amount of *pose* and affectation, to possess something like original intention. In his little painting of a bit of Italian landscape he shows that he can *play* with his brush, that his method is his servant and not his master; and proves, moreover, that he really looks for something, that his imagination is possessed, and that in some measure he has *le diable au corps*.

Germany does not, however, possess anything like the school of landscape-painting which, in spite of terrible losses, still flourishes in France. Corot, and Millet, and Daubigny, Huet—the strange character of whose talent was appreciated

by Michelet in an eloquent page of literary criticism—Rousseau, Flers, and Chintreuil, all these and more have but recently passed away. But they have left behind them a numerous band unceasing in the search for "fresh woods and pastures new." It is true, indeed, that of these the younger men are too often content to record their "impressions" without having taken the trouble of reducing them to order, without having given them the form which is essential to a work of art.

This tendency is not, however, confined to the landscape-painters alone: it is the tendency which is to a great extent, at this moment, leavening all production. Literature as well as art, sculpture as well as painting, is plainly subject to its influence. This seems to me to be partly due to the fact that men now have to work no longer for a small public, but for the people, and the people are not trained either by their surroundings or by their education to apprehend anything except plain statements of matter of fact. To recognise pure likeness, pure representation of facts with which, or with the like of which, we are already acquainted, requires little or no education, whereas to appreciate the beauty, nobility, or elegance of aspect which results from scientific combinations of line requires long-practised habits of attention which cannot have been acquired without effort and thought corresponding to the effort and thought which has gone to their production. The growing indifference as to perfection of form brings with it vulgarity in choice of matter, and the worker's mode of looking at his subject as well as his mode of treating it is deeply affected. He begins to dwell exclusively on the most obvious physical aspect, and rejects all that may involve the labour of intellectual conception.

It is clearly more difficult for the average spectator to understand a portrait by Delaulnay than a portrait by Bastien-Lepage. Bastien-Lepage looks at his subject from the same point of view as M. Zola—his choice of subject is quite different, but he approaches it from the same point of view. He gives us the man seen, so to speak, as the animal, and one is inclined to say of his work as of that of M. Zola, "un point de vue quelque peu bestial, mais vu d'un homme sensible," and in both cases the result is plainly intelligible.

Sculpture, partly on account of the conditions of its material, continues to retain to a remarkable extent its intellectual character, but for that very reason it is regarded by the mass with indifference. The work about which the public crowd is not that of the French, but that of the Italian school. For France and Italy are in sculpture the two schools of Europe. The Germans, the Americans, go to school at Rome, and to Rome go also the English—that is to say, such among them as ever think it necessary to go to school anywhere, for the English school which makes a certain position for itself in painting has no place in the field of sculpture. When we have looked at Mr. Leighton's admirably-composed *Athlete Wrestling with a Python*; at Mr. Watts's grandly beautiful *Clytie*; at the nobly felt *Caryatidæ* of Mr. Stevens; at Mr. Foley's excellent work; and have admired the strength of Mr. Boehm's *Clydesdale Horse*, swinging the little man who leads him like a tassel from his neck—then we have done with the English section. As for the Germans, there is Hartzger, and Begas, and Hildebrand. Hildebrand exhibits a sort of *pastiche* of Michel Angelo's *David*, and a statue of a sleeping youth, both fine in outline and both rather empty of work. Hartzger's group, of an enamoured Faun seeing himself for the first time in the mirror held to him by Love, presents a novel idea, the execution of which is in parts thorough enough; the group by Begas, which is placed as a pendant to it on the opposite side of the room, is a less virile work, and is completely Italian both in character and in quality of finish. He has, indeed, a very good bust of Prof. Menzel, well worked and a capital likeness, and his second group, of *Mercury and Psyche*, which at-

tracts a great deal of notice, is in some respects superior to the first, although the execution shows even more plainly the influence of Italian training; indeed, all Herr Begas' work has, I believe, been executed at Rome.

Italian sculpture, like Italian painting, is astonishingly skilful and tricky; its utmost efforts are directed to arouse the wonder and delight of the public. To this end all means are good; to its attainment everything is sacrificed. Honesty of purpose, self-respect, respect for the opinion of true artists, fly like straws before a wind: success in dazzling and amusing the *bourgeois* is the sole important object. By grimace and affectation, by any amount of posture-making, by attitudes the more nearly approaching the ridiculous the better, by forcing the material to every purpose for which it is essentially unfit, by these means the school of modern Italy succeeds in capturing the eye of the public, and it brings the resources of an execution perfectly polished and inane to the setting forth of conceptions varying with every shade of popular vulgarity and extravagance. In its peculiar fashion nothing could well be more skilful than the technic of the Roman school. It is the perfection of foolish finish. On every side in this section we have work in which every form has been scrupulously deprived of that accent which is necessary to its complete expression, and all variety of touch carefully effaced by sedulous polish, until every surface is smooth and every shape is round. The subjects generally chosen are, as might be expected, of a feeble or foolish nature. Ginotti's *Chained Slave*, a negress of opulent form, who writhes and snatches petulantly at her fetters, is noticeable in this respect for an unusual amount of point and meaning; but the greater number, while they rival the clever perfection of his workmanship, are content to lavish their skill in setting forth the most trivial, the most unfit, or the most absurd themes which they can discover.

The whole body of French sculptors, with scarcely an exception, on the other hand, still preserve a sense of the dignity of their art. Dubois, Le Mercié, Delaplanche, Chapu, Schoenewerk, Moreau-Vauthier, Gautherin, and among the younger men may I mention Aubé, whose work, although it has not attracted as yet much attention, seems to have a personal character which is very rare; these are, indeed, but a few among the foremost names. "Je serai court sur les sculpteurs," said Diderot, in writing his *Salon* of 1763, yet probably then, as now, the best work of the Paris Salon was due to the sculptors, for ever since the days of Jean Goujon, the school of France, in sculpture at least, has dominated the other nations of Europe. Dubois' work on the monument to General de la Moricière is worthy of the best days of modern art, and in spite of certain obvious defects, it is one of the most beautiful things in the exhibition. The large casting of the drapery, for example, of the figure of Meditation makes the emaciated forms of the figure, and especially of the head, look starved and poor, and people have dwelt a great deal on a supposed imitation of Michel Angelo in the *Courage Militaire*, and have talked of the statue of Giuliano dei Medici; to which indeed M. Dubois' figure has a superficial resemblance, for both wear the helmet and cuirass of a Roman warrior. This resemblance is, however, but superficial, and is indeed partly helped by what is a merit in M. Dubois' work; that is, that he has conceived of *Courage* in a brave spirit, and the aspect of his statue has a life and ardour which does not fade even before our recollections of the types of heroic grandeur which were created by the great Florentine master.

The *Gloria Victis* of Mercié, who is a born sculptor, should not be left unnoticed, and his *David*, which was his contribution when yet at Rome to the Salon of 1872. M. Schoenewerk touches everything with elegance and distinction; M. Moreau-Vauthier's beautiful *Naiade* has real

grace and charm; M. Chapu, with an equal sensitiveness to all that is seductively attractive, shows a point of higher intelligence and power. M. Guillaume, whose learned work always presents much that is valuable for study, does not, unfortunately, contribute. M. Millet's group of *Cassandre se met sous la Protection de Pallas* is another work distinguished by points of remarkable excellence, and has, perhaps, more "school," although it shows less individual character than M. Delaplanche's contributions, the most striking of which is his statue of *La Musique*, exhibited in 1877, and which now appears in silvered bronze. Every name represents a distinct personality; but, as Diderot remarked, "Je serai court sur les sculpteurs." There is, indeed, much to say, but their work excites no general interest, and is little known to the English public. It would therefore be impossible to speak of it intelligibly without entering into the subject at too great a length.

Before closing these very imperfect and partial notes, from which it has been necessary to omit whole classes of work worthy of serious consideration, it seems well to say a word on the present state of the art of engraving. With one or two brilliant exceptions, such as the work of M. Gaillard, there is no longer any engraving worthy of the name. As for the etchings, which have taken its place, even those which appear under well-known names show lamentable signs of degradation. Work, work of the head and hand, is minimised, and unlimited black left to the discretion of the printer is supposed to obviate its necessity. The abuse of this resource is justified in the name of Rembrandt; but black distributed by the hand of Rembrandt yielded a very different result to that which is arrived at when it is, as now, entrusted to the discretion of an un instructed workman.

E. F. S. PATTERSON.

SIXTEEN ETCHINGS BY JOHN CROME, REPRODUCED BY THE AUTOTYPE MECHANICAL PROCESS. (AUTOTYPE COMPANY.)

JOHN CROME, or "Old" Crome as he is usually designated, is an artist who has achieved a sudden accession of reputation at the present day. Born of very poor parents in a provincial city, he steadily worked his way to honour and renown, and even a moderate degree of wealth, in his native city, but he never in his lifetime achieved more than a local fame; and, although his works have always been held in high estimation in the Eastern Counties, they have been comparatively unknown in London until the Royal Academy last winter, acting upon a conviction that has been growing gradually among students and amateurs of art, that here was a master really worth knowing, organised an exhibition of his works, and those of certain of his followers, at Burlington House.

This exhibition for the first time gave the London world an opportunity of judging of Crome's powers as a painter, and though it cannot be said to have revealed him as a great genius, it yet made him known as a patient observer of nature and a faithful painter of some of her many effects. The broad moors, the sluggish streams, the green lanes, high-gabled cottages, and busy coast scenes of his native Norfolk, are all reflected on his canvas with an honesty like that of the old Dutch masters, who depicted the similar features of their own low land; but like them also his art was limited by his surroundings, and although this limitation was probably favourable on the whole to its originality and strength, we cannot help feeling sometimes with regard to his paintings that the result gained scarcely repays the elaborate means employed. Many of his admirers, therefore, take even greater pleasure in his etched than in his painted work, his subjects being in truth often more suitable in scope for a small etching than a finished oil-painting. Nothing can in its way be more perfect than Crome's rendering of the picturesque little bits of woodland

or moorland that he met with in his daily walks. The tumble-down cottage, the rustic bridge, the winding wood-path, the inevitable paling, the lazy stream, and the small boat, and above all the wide-spreading oak or the rows of pollard willows—all these features occur again and again in Crome's etchings; for he was constantly passing these things, and as constantly drawing them, and because he never got tired of them, neither do we. Had he shown the least sign of weariness his work must inevitably have been mechanical and profitless, but he drew every fresh tree with a sort of delight in its affording him, as it were, a new character for study. Technically perhaps these etchings have not the high value of some modern work of this kind. They are apt to be carelessly printed, and sometimes the plate is blurred by retouching, but for minute delicacy of tree drawing and faithful rendering of certain features of our English scenery they can scarcely be surpassed. There is a fine collection of them at the British Museum, most of them being represented in two, three, and even four different states. Works such as these in former days were of course only to be classed among the hoarded delights of the collector, but thanks to modern science, the priceless treasures of collections can now gladden the eyes of every student, and among other pleasant things we find that sixteen of Crome's etchings have recently been reproduced with all the well-known fidelity of the mechanical autotype process.

They are published in a small portfolio, with a portrait of Crome, taken from Opie's picture of him, by way of frontispiece, and include such works as the splendid etching of *Mousehold Heath*, with the pool in light, the views of the *New Mills*, the group of trees at *Colney*, the road scene, *Hethersett*, the old weatherbeaten trees and bridge at *Cringford*, the spreading oaks at *Trowse*. To those who know these etchings it is needless to speak of their delicacy and beauty; those who do not will find it not unprofitable to study them in these entirely faithful transcripts.

MARY M. HEATON.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

MISS MARGARET STOKES is republishing with Messrs. Bell & Son the Essay on "Early Christian Architecture in Ireland" which she prefixed to Lord Dunraven's *Notes on Irish Architecture*. Through the kindness of the present Earl, she has been enabled to use the woodcuts with which his father's book was illustrated. Many of these, and especially those that are the work of Dr. Petrie and Branstone, are very beautiful examples of wood engraving.

MR. STEPHEN THOMPSON, whose series of British Museum photographs have so world-wide a reputation, has been commissioned by Her Majesty the Queen to proceed to Cyprus for the purpose of procuring a series of views of the objects and sites of interest in the island.

We have received from Messrs. Deighton and Dunthorne of Holborn, who have apparently much interest in the etchings of M. Lhuillier, two etchings, the latest, we believe, that have proceeded from the needle of that artist. M. Lhuillier is an exceedingly capable craftsman, and the funeral subjects of Mr. Frank Holl are treated by him as easily as the humorous themes of Mr. J. Watson Nicol. For the display, however, of the particular excellence of the etcher's art—his skill and subtlety in rendering very delicate gradations of light and shade—we doubt if the pictures of Mr. Holl afford as good an opportunity as those of Mr. Watson Nicol, done in so much lighter a key. But the pathos and simplicity of Mr. Holl's pictures—the domestic sentiments of *Hush* and *Hushed*, now before us—are enough to secure for the etchings a popularity frequently denied to work more purely artistic in aim and achievement. The etchings are sufficiently effec-

tive renderings of Mr. Holl's doleful but to many attractive pictures.

M. RAJON's latest considerable etching, of the portrait of Thomas Carlyle, though already, we believe, sufficiently popular in consequence of the venerable fame of the person represented, cannot be deemed among the worthiest of the etcher's works. M. Rajon has done so much work in etching second to none that has been done in our generation in the way of reproduction that he should beware of issuing anything likely to diminish the general estimation of his accomplishments. There is, of course, nothing conspicuously bad in the portrait of Carlyle; but it does not greatly commend itself to those who are familiar with the best examples of M. Rajon's own work.

PROF. OVERBECK, of Leipzig, is at present seeing through the press a new edition of his *Geschichte der Griechischen Plastik*.

Now that the British Government has acquired a protective right over Asiatic Turkey, we hope they may be induced to extend that right to sites of historical or archaeological interest. A correspondent of the *Times* of India of the date of June 14 gives a most lamentable account of the wholesale demolition of ancient buildings which is being permitted by the Turkish Government on the site of ancient Babylon. In speaking of the town of Hillah, the writer states, "It is a place of some importance. It is built, but not well, of bricks from Babylon. The court-yard of the house in which I stopped was paved with large square bricks, every one of which bore the honoured name of Nebuchadnezzar." A native brick-merchant is now engaged in excavating in the Mujelibeh mound, and in some places has sunk his trenches as deep as thirty feet in order to remove the fine walls which he finds at that depth. A score of donkeys is waiting for the bricks which are brought up by the Arab workmen. In this same mound the dealer has discovered a large underground chamber, which he intends to pull down and remove as soon as possible. Nearly every brick is stamped with the name of some Babylonian king, and no notice is taken of the size and position of these buildings or any drawings made. Surely some one can stop this reckless destruction of valuable archaeological sites! The Turkish Government is evidently aware of the importance of the antiquities and of their money value, for they have made most strict laws with regard to European explorations in Nineveh; and yet a brick-merchant can cart away records of the past by thousands to sell as material for building. Only a few months ago news reached England of a fine slab with a bas-relief on it having been broken up to stop up an old drain in the neighbourhood of Baghdad. We hope that some of the societies interested in Oriental explorations will endeavour to stay such proceedings.

MR. W. ST. C. BOSCAWEN, during the examination of a series of contract tablets in the British Museum, has made a discovery of some importance to students of geometry and land-surveying. Attached to two deeds of sale of land by members of the great banking firm of Egibi and Sons were two neatly drawn and figured plans of the estates in question. The first of these relates to an estate on the banks of the Nahr banitov, "the Royal River," in the vicinity of Babylon, and from a calculation of the dimensions which are given in cubits represents an estate of about eight and a-half acres. The names of the owners of all adjacent land are given, and a long curved arc-shaped portion on the east side is measured most accurately, both radius and circumference being given. In the second document, which is dated in the reign of Darius Hystaspes, a computation of the area of each plot of land is given which will enable us to acquire a correct knowledge of the square measures of Babylonia. It is unfortunate that a portion of this second document is lost. On the reverse of this tablet is a deed relating to

the sale, and giving the price and other details, with the names of numerous witnesses.

WHILE so many complaints are being heard on every side of old houses that have been either pulled down or "restored" out of all knowledge, it is pleasant to hear of one that is having its ancient features made once more recognisable without undergoing more restoration than necessary. We allude to the old Elizabeth mansion at Rochester known as "Restoration House," from the tradition that Charles II. slept here on his way from Dover to London. The title-deeds date back to the time of James I., and refer to still older deeds, rendering it almost certain that the house was built about the middle of the reign of Elizabeth. It is in truth a genuine old Tudor dwelling-house, built of red brick, and in the form of the letter E, as so many of these houses were in Elizabeth's reign. The present tenant, Mr. Stephen Aveling, has opened out fifty-two windows in the front only, all of which had been stopped up with plaster to save window-tax. For many years past the house has been used as a school, and one wing of it still serves for this purpose; but happily the carved chimney-pieces, balustrades, &c., have remained tolerably uninjured beneath the coats of paint that successive generations have inflicted upon them.

A course of lectures on fresco-painting will be given shortly at the Berlin Academy by Prof. Christian Wilberg.

THE *Journal Officiel* publishes the new Ministerial regulations with regard to the national teaching of drawing in France. Drawing is made compulsory in all the primary schools, and also in all the higher public schools for pupils in and above the sixth class, and is continued from year to year until they enter the class of philosophy. The course of instruction comprehends three different grades. The first, intended for pupils of the sixth and fifth classes, aims at teaching the representation of simple figures, the elements of ornamentation, and the imitation of parts of the human figure; the second course, for pupils of the fourth and third classes, embraces the theoretical and practical study of the first principles of perspective, including the drawing of objects in space, the elementary study of the structure of the body and human proportion, and the study of parts of the human figure from copies and from the round; the third course, for pupils of the second class and of the rhetoric and philosophy classes, is occupied solely with the study of the human figure in all its aspects, either from copies or from the round. The whole course of teaching in France will be under the direction of the State, the professors to be appointed from among the old pupils of the *Ecole des Beaux Arts*, and the classes to be submitted to special Government inspection.

In the *Zeitschrift für bildende Kunst* this month Dr. Thausing continues his arguments in favour of his theory that certain well-known female portraits by Titian represent Eleanor Duchess of Urbino. The curious circumstantial evidence he brings forward to prove that the Duchess of Urbino actually sat, or rather lay, for her portrait in the manner of the so-called Venus of Urbino, appears to us to tell exactly the opposite way. No doubt this figure was a portrait, a study of real fleshly beauty of form and limb such as Titian delighted in, but we utterly refuse to believe that the noble Duchess of Urbino was the model. Prof. Thausing, though he repeats the oft-quoted story about the maidens exhibited at Charles V.'s entry into Antwerp, does not adduce one example of any noble lady, even at the most shameless Italian courts, having her portrait thus painted. That the Venus in question was bought by her husband proves nothing, for Titian painted numbers of nude portraits for the Italian princes of his time. With regard to the portrait known as *La Bella* in the Pitti Palace the arguments are somewhat stronger, but likenesses are so deceptive, and different people see them with such different

eyes, that it is always dangerous to found any strong presumption upon them. Still there is undoubtedly a likeness between several of Titian's beauties and the Venus of Urbino, which may be accounted for either by their being taken from the same model or possibly, as before said, from that particular type of female beauty being Titian's ideal at the time.

THE newly-decorated chambers of the Palais de la Légion d'Honneur are now open to the public every Tuesday and Friday. A short guide-book has been prepared about the palace, which will be found instructive by English visitors. The new wall-paintings wherewith the chambers are adorned have been executed by some of the best French artists.

A CAST of Cleopatra's Needle will shortly be placed in the south-east court of the South Kensington Museum. Even there it will look, it is to be feared, somewhat insignificant, compared with the casts of some of the other great pillars in the court.

THE opening of the General Exhibition of Fine Arts at Brussels has been put off to September 5, on account of the adjournment of the closing of the Salon, from whence it is supposed many works will be sent to Brussels.

A WELL-KNOWN French archaeologist, M. Arthur Forgeais, has just died in Paris, to the regret of all those who were accustomed to visit his little shop and gain information from the learned and complaisant owner. M. Forgeais was the founder and president of the Société de Sphragistique, a laureat of the Institute, and a member of many learned societies. His principal researches were devoted to the history of the city of Paris. During the time when the bridges and new quays were being constructed he conceived the happy idea of examining all the *débris* of pottery, &c., that the dredging machines brought up, and by this means discovered the leaden tablets on which were written the history of various guilds and corporations, a number of religious tokens given by the colleges, and other objects of interest relating to the mediæval history of the capital. Recently M. Forgeais presented a very rare collection of Gallo-Roman pottery and of fourteenth-century ware, Grès de Flandre, &c., to the Sèvres Museum. He has left, says the *Chronique des Arts*, several works on archaeological subjects, the plates of which have been designed by himself.

GERMAN critics speak in high praise of certain works that have lately been executed by Prof. Donndorf of Stuttgart, who appears at all events to be gifted with remarkable industry. We have before mentioned a colossal bust of Freiligrath, modelled for the poet's tomb in Darmstadt; but since finishing this work he has achieved a charming little figure of a Cupid playing a violin for the Schumann monument in Bonn, a colossal Angel of the Resurrection executed in marble for the mortuary chapel of Schloss Rheineck, and a sitting figure, emblematical of Religion, for the monument to Cornelius at Düsseldorf.

M. LE BARON DAVILLIER, a writer on art subjects, who likes occasionally to ramble in unfrequented paths, has just published an elegant little volume on the leather-work of Cordova, and especially on those curious works in dyed leather called *Guadamaciles d'Espagne*, the manufacture of which he proves to have dated as far back as the twelfth century, and to have been first carried on in one of the oases of the Desert of Sahara. This learned little treatise on a subject belonging perhaps more to *curiosité* than art appears as the second volume of a new series of works, entitled *Bibliothèque de l'Art et de la Curiosité*, published by M. A. Quantin of the Rue Saint-Benoît, successor to the well-known Jules Claye, whose taste in the production of such works has long been admired. The first volume of the series was entitled *Causeries sur l'Art et la Curiosité*, and was by Edmond Bonnaffé, with a frontispiece by Jacquemart.

THE *Indian Antiquary* for February commences with a further instalment of Mr. Fleet's "Inscriptions," the first being a grant of Devavarman's in the tenth century, and the other two grants of Mrigeswaravarman in the fifth century. Mr. Burnell then contributes an identification of the more southerly of the two Charitrapurās mentioned by Hwen Tshang with Kaveri Pattanam, the once famous port at the mouth of the Kaveri. Mr. Walhouse follows with "Archæological Notes on Snake-Worship and the Burial Rites of Non-Aryan Indian Tribes," and Mr. Kharkar with native traditions of the history of Kachh. The number closes with notes by Dr. Bühler on the site of Hastakavāra, and on Kashmir MSS. of the Mahābhāṣya, and with two anonymous reviews, by no means equal in ability to the standard attained in the articles, of Trump's *Adi Granth* and of Foucaux's *Mālavikā et Agnimitra*.

MUSIC.

WAGNER'S "PARSIFAL."

Parsifal: ein Bühnenweihfestspiel. Von Richard Wagner. (Schott & Co.)

WHATEVER differences of opinion may exist as to the value of Wagner's music, few competent judges will venture to deny him very high rank as a dramatist. The author of such libretti as those of the *Fliegende Holländer*, *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*, *Tristan und Isolde*, and especially of *Der Ring des Nibelungen*, is no ordinary playwright. Wagner would, perhaps, think it but a poor compliment to be compared with Scribe, from whom, indeed, in many respects he differs widely; yet he certainly possesses in common with the great French librettist that genuine dramatic instinct and that feeling for legitimate stage effect which go far to insure the success of an opera-book. In poetical power there can be no comparison between the two writers. Scribe simply puts together verses for music, and in reading his libretti, it is the skilfully-constructed plot rather than the diction which interests; while Wagner's music-dramas may be read and enjoyed from a purely poetical point of view, apart altogether from the music to which they are wedded. With him, as has often been said, the libretto is one of the factors of the whole drama in which, according to his theories, each component part is of equal importance. It is, therefore, as impossible to pass a final judgment upon his latest work without seeing the music which is to accompany it as it would be to judge of the music apart from its connexion with the text. One may, indeed, go farther and, judging from the experience of Bayreuth, say that even after studying the music the work can hardly be appreciated at its true value until an opportunity has been afforded of seeing it on the stage. The remarks to be made in this article upon the poem must, therefore, be taken with due reservation. It will be the most convenient plan to give first an outline of the plot, and afterwards to make a few remarks upon the form of the work, and to compare it with its predecessors.

True to his expressed opinion that the only suitable subject-matter for the music-drama is the myth, Wagner has connected his present work with the legend of the Holy Grail, which plays so important a part

in *Lohengrin*. Many of our readers will remember that the hero of that work announces himself in the third act as the son of Parsifal. The name, it may be remarked in passing, is there given as "Parzival;" the explanation of its altered form appears in the second act of the present poem:—

"Dich nannst' ich, thörrger Reiner
'Fal parsi'—"

Dich, reinen Thoren: 'Parsifal.'
So rief, da in Arab'schem Land er verschied,
dein Vater Gamuret dem Sohne zu."

Not being an Oriental scholar, I must leave the question of the etymology to others. That it was an afterthought of Wagner's is evident from the fact that the work was at first announced as "Parzival."

The scene of the drama is placed in the north of Spain, in and in the neighbourhood of Monsalvat, the castle of the Holy Grail. The curtain rises on a forest-scene, at day-break; from the mountain above is heard the solemn sound of trombones, as from the castle of the Grail. The King Amfortas, the guardian of the holy vessel, is suffering from a wound which refuses to close; and we learn that this wound has been inflicted by the sacred spear which he was wont to carry—the spear, according to the legend, with which our Saviour was wounded on the cross—and which Amfortas had lost in combat with a magician, Klingsor. Klingsor had himself aspired to become a Knight of the Grail, an office to which none but those of the holiest life were eligible. On account of some unknown crime, he had been rejected as unworthy; and in revenge had studied magic arts, and (after the fashion of Armida) had created for himself a fairy palace, which he had peopled with beautiful women, whose object it was to seduce the knights of the Grail from their allegiance. One of these women—a mysterious and supernatural being, by name Kundry—had succeeded in beguiling Amfortas, who had thus fallen into the power of Klingsor, had lost his spear, and received from it a wound which could never heal so long as the weapon remained in the hands of the magician. In a vision Amfortas has been told to wait for him who is appointed to cure him. A voice from the Grail pronounces the mysterious lines:—

"Dareh Mitleid wissend
der reine Thor
harre sein'
den ich erkor."

Most of what has been told above we learn from the conversation in the opening scene between Gurnemanz, one of the knights of the Grail, and his two squires. A scene reminding one of the first act of *Lohengrin* follows. A wounded swan flutters on to the stage; it is followed by a group of squires dragging in young Parsifal, the culprit who has shot the bird. He is quite unaware of having committed any offence; and to all Gurnemanz's questions as to his name, his family and his history he makes but one reply, "Das weiss ich nicht." He evidently answers to the description of "Thor"; whether "der reine Thor" remains to be seen. Gurnemanz conducts him to the castle of the Grail, where the holy rites are being performed, and in these the wounded King Amfortas takes part. The

scene changes to the great hall of the castle, and the holy feast of the Grail is celebrated. Parsifal is bewildered by what he sees, and on saying in reply to a question of Gurnemanz that he understands nothing of it, is contemptuously ejected from the place.

The second act shows us Klingsor's enchanted castle, on the southern declivity of the mountain. The magician summons Kundry—who, by his spells, is against her will in his power—to tempt Parsifal, who is approaching. The hero enters the garden, and is surrounded by a troop of maidens, who by their blandishments in vain endeavour to gain his love. Kundry then tries, also unsuccessfully. The whole of this scene is beautiful both in conception and detail; but no extracts would give an adequate idea of it. At its close Kundry, failing in her efforts to retain Parsifal, calls on Klingsor for aid. The magician appears, brandishing his spear. He hurls it at Parsifal; but the weapon remains suspended over the head of the latter, who seizes it, and, making the sign of the cross, the castle and the gardens disappear instantly, and only a wilderness remains. Kundry sinks with a cry on the ground, and Parsifal, turning to her as he departs, says, "Thou knowest where only thou canst see me again!"

In the third act we find ourselves again in the land of the Grail. A considerable period of time has elapsed; for Gurnemanz now appears as a very old man. Kundry, now no longer the wild maiden of yore, is with him; he wonders at the change in her, which he is unable to understand. To them enters Parsifal, bearing in his hand the sacred spear; they recognise him, and Gurnemanz asks his errand. Parsifal says that he has come to bring healing to Amfortas; that he has wandered far and long, seeking in vain the path which would bring him to the castle of the Grail. Gurnemanz offers to conduct him to the hall, in which the service is once more to be celebrated; and again the scene changes to the great hall represented in the first act. The knights once more assemble; Amfortas, longing for death, is brought in on the litter; when Parsifal, who has entered with the knights unobserved, steps forward, and touches with the spear the king's wound, which immediately heals. He proclaims himself the appointed guardian of the Grail, and orders it to be uncovered. This is done, and a supernatural light streams from it, while a white dove, descending from the dome of the hall, hovers over Parsifal's head. As all kneel before him in homage the curtain falls.

Such is a most inadequate and incomplete outline of a very remarkable poem, which as a whole may compare for beauty and power with any from the same pen. In form and design it differs so widely from *Der Ring des Nibelungen* that the first impression it produced on myself in reading it was one of extreme surprise. It will be remembered that in Wagner's last great work alliterative verse was exclusively employed; and the composer himself has expressed a strong opinion that this form of verse is the one that is pre-eminently suited

for dramatic music. It is, therefore, not a little curious that in *Parsifal* alliteration has been only very occasionally introduced. In its strongly-marked rhythmical energy the poem has much affinity to the *Ring*; but the peculiar feature of the verse of that poem is almost entirely abandoned. Has further experience shown Wagner that it is possible while using a free form to retain the advantages which he claimed for alliterative verse without hampering himself with its restrictions? It is possible, though its success is of course matter of conjecture. Again, we find in *Parsifal* a large proportion of ordinary rhymed verse—a form which it was generally supposed Wagner had altogether discarded. I certainly cannot think that the work suffers in consequence; but it is difficult to reconcile the fact of its appearance with some of the opinions that the author has from time to time expressed.

There is yet another point in which the present poem differs widely from *Der Ring des Nibelungen*. In that work there is hardly any choral element; in fact, until the second act of *Götterdämmerung* a chorus never makes its appearance on the stage at all. Here, on the contrary, the chorus plays a most important part in each act; in the second scene of the first act there are three choirs on the stage at one time. It would be most interesting to learn the reasons for so complete a change of style.

All musicians who read the poem will feel curiosity as to the music to which Wagner will wed it. Hitherto he has never repeated himself; and there is little risk in predicting that when the score of *Parsifal* appears it will be found to present a new, possibly an entirely unexpected, phase of its composer's genius. EBENEZER PROUT.

HER Majesty's Theatre closed last Saturday with the benefit of M^{me}. Gerster. The Hungarian prima donna appeared in *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and also in the second act of *Dinorah*, giving so much satisfaction in the latter character that she will probably be induced to perform the rôle in its entirety next year. The Italian Opera season at both houses will only be remembered for the production of Bizet's *Carmen*, a work that is doubtless destined for a long career of popularity. The Covent Garden novelties, *Paul et Virginie* and *Alma* have both failed, the first partially and the last completely.

THE autumn season at Her Majesty's Theatre will commence on October 21. According to present arrangements the most interesting features will be the revivals of *Miraillo* and *La Forza del Destino*. Gounod's opera, first produced here in 1864 with Titiens, Giuglini, Santley, and Trebelli in the cast, contains some charming music, but is spoiled by its fantastic and uninteresting libretto.

THE Symphonies of Beethoven, Nos. 1 to 8, will be performed in succession at the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts, one on each Monday evening.

THE new opera, *Pépita*, by M. L. Delahaye fils, produced at the Paris Opéra Comique, is not well spoken of. The libretto, by MM. Nutter and J. Delahaye, savours of opéra bouffe, and the music is weak and trivial.

THE three concerts to be given by Herr Rubinstein at the Trocadéro in Paris, are fixed for September 7, 14, and 21.

GOUNOD'S *Polyeucte* is at length in rehearsal at the Paris Grand Opéra, and will probably be produced about August 2.

A MUSICAL festival will be given at Bruges on August 19 and 20. The programme will consist exclusively of Flemish compositions, ancient and modern.

AN opera entitled *Aschenbrödel* has been produced at Mannheim. The German critics are loud in the praise of the music by Herr Ferdinand Langer. It is said to be powerful and dramatic, and worthy of being associated with a better libretto.

THE Philharmonic Society of Hamburg will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of its existence on September 25 next.

AN opera on the subject of Robin Hood, with music by Herr A. Dietrich, will be produced next season at Frankfurt.

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